THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The Initial Meeting of This New Organization Was a Grand Success.

Election of Officers—Speeches by Messrs. Lawrence Henely, Maurice Crean, William Rawleigh, John T. Keating and Others.

When, on such a bleak, stormy night as Monday, Nov. 12, so many young folks of Celtic blood voluntarily came from all parts of great Chicago to participate in its exercises, the success of the Lyceum is no longer in doubt. Halsted street refrigerator cars did not cool the ardor of those unfortunate enough to be compelled to use such vehicles, nor did the tramp through the snow from the electric cars to the hall deter the visitors filling every inch of available space in the comfortable Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. The place was more than filled, and many were compelled to stand out in the ante room and from tip-toe peep over the heads of their more fortunate brothers. Over the rostrum hung the significant motto, "Educate that you may be free," while from every available corner peeped "Welcome." There was no mistaking the nationality of those who tendered the greeting when the eye rested on the heart-shrined motto, "*Erin-go-Bragh*," which glistened amid folds of green in a most prominent position. The Red, White and Blue festooned the walls, and Old Glory adorned the end of the hall. Everything was done to secure comfort for the visitors, and when every one who could find a seat settled down comfortably P. F. Holden mounted the platform and, as chosen by the committee of arrangements, assumed charge of the meeting, calling it to order with a sharp stroke of the gavel. The bright young president of the First Fireside Literary Club set the ball rolling by a statement of the work done by the committee appointed at a previous meeting, submitting the constitution and by-laws and elaborating on the excellent possibilities of the Lyceum.

Mr. Holden's pithy sentences and brilliant recital of the hopes of those interested in the movement were almost lost in the applause which followed the appearance of the venerable Maurice Crean, who tendered his initiation fee before the conclusion of the chairman's speech.

The chairman announced that the next order of business was the election of officers, when the following nominations were made unanimous: Hon. Wm. Dillon, president; John J. Hanrahan, vice-president; Lawrence Henely, treasurer; John J. Sherlock, secretary; Prof. J. J. McCarthy, Major McClure, Patrick F. Holden, board of censors.

In the unavoidable absence of the president-elect, the temporary chairman called on Vice-President J. J. Hanrahan to preside, and tendered that gentleman the gavel of authority. Mr. Hanrahan thanked the members for the honor conferred on him and ably voiced the hopes of the youths present for the prosperity of the Lyceum. Mr. Hanrahan proved himself an able chairman, and discharged his duties with ease and dignity. The evening's programme commenced with Mr. P. J. O'Brien's tenor solo rendered with taste and feeling, followed by an able address from Mr. L. Henely, county president of the A.O.H. Mr. Henely spoke in his usual clear, convincing style, pointing out the great benefits to be derived from the Lyceum. He logically submitted the possible and probable results to be attained by earnest work and warm interest in the undertaking, touching on the national and educational features of its exercises in well rounded, terse sentences, and urged those present to enlist themselves in the good work with an energy worthy of the cause. His words were listened to with close attention, and merited applause. Mr. Henely was succeeded by Mr. Hill, secretary of the Philo-Celtic Society, who delivered an earnest and eloquent address on the language of the Gael, its historical and literary merits. Mr. Hill is gifted with an eloquent tongue and forcible delivery which secures the interest of his listeners, and we feel certain of his future prominence in the Lyceum debates. The next number was a comic song of Mr. Hogan's, which was greeted with loud applause, and his "Job Lot" evoked hearty merriment. Mr. Raleigh followed with a narrative of his personal acquaintance with the study of the tongue of the Celt, its beauties and resources, its fascination for those who engage in its study and its value to all students. His speech was very interesting and instructive, and was thoroughly appreciated by his listeners.

Then rose the veteran professor of the classes who spend their Sundays in acquiring a knowledge of the mysteries of Gaelic characters, and a gentleman who has done much practical work towards reviving in busy Chicago the interesting study of the grand language of Old Ireland. In excellent voice Mr. Crean rendered a Gaelic ballad and followed with a short address in the same tongue. The venerable teacher met with warm applause, and must have felt assured that his many pupils present were proud of what was the most interesting feature of the evening.

Mr. Hanrahan followed with a touching, well executed patriotic song, and was succeeded by Mr. D. F. O'Connor, late of Cork, Ireland, who ably expressed warm sympathy with the new movement, and pledged his earnest support. The chairman next introduced J. F. Keating, state president of the A.O.H., who reviewed at length the effect, moral and educational, of lyceums on the development of human progress. The speaker led his listeners from attic Greece and the groves of Icillus, to the classic schools of Florence, from the literary circles of the eighteenth century to the omnipresent club of the nineteenth, tracing the increase of the lyceum with the growth of civilization, and the benefits accruing to all communities where the free interchange of thought and development of the young idea was encouraged. He dwelt on the necessity of some such educator in our great cities where so many of our youth exist in an atmosphere polluted with political corruption, and where patriotism is used as a cloak to cover the venality and political depravity of the unworthy. He continued as follows:

"Above all, is such an institution as the lyceum needed in the great cities where so many young men of Celtic blood or Celtic descent are to be found. At no time in the history of our people in the work of building and perpetuating this grand Republic, was there so much need of a warning voice to tell the youth of our people to beware of the pitfalls which beset their path. Designing men, with glib lip and specious pretexts are attempting to instil into the minds of the unthinking the lying sophism that 'the end justifies the means.' They are led to the brink of treason to the nation and filled with disrespect for the sanctity of the ballot, the sole bulwark of our liberties. They are encouraged to believe that liberties for which so many thousands of their forefathers died are needless figures of speech, the privileges of which can be wantonly violated, when selfish men under the guise of lovers of race and kin advise them to do so. Let them beware lest they should be entrapped that they would learn that they have but exchanged the shackles which fettered the limbs of their people held in English thralldom for the more ignominious chains forged by designing selfish men who would enslave them again morally and politically. Those men aim to make them the janizaries of American politics. As the ambitious Sultans of the East used the scimiter and desperate courage of the ruler making soldiers of the Ottaman Empire, so, too, would those modern Sultans of state and municipal politics use the wit, ability and daring of the city born Celt to achieve the ends they have in view and with the specious cry of religion and race strive to lead them from the path of duty to nation and republic. God help the cause of Irish nationality and Irish freedom when the youth of Erin's race will be led under the pretext of elevating race or country's cause to do aught which would tend to sap the foundations of liberty or interfere with any of the safeguards which the fathers threw around the pedestal of the Republic.

"Those may be strong words, Mr. Chairman, but our very street corners re-echo with stories of boasted crime as the treason of an Arnold or the machinations of a Confederacy. Here in the Lyceum let us teach the Celtic youth how great are the benefits of the liberty we enjoy, how dearly that blessing was purchased, how glorious would be the career of poor Ireland were she blessed with equal laws. Let us teach them not alone to love the land of Emerald green, but to respect, admire and love the land and the laws of the land whose *aegis* protects the fugitive Gael. Let us teach them that out of political turpitude can come but one reward, and that the same received by the janizaries I referred to, namely, the complete excision of a vicious sore from the body politic. But, Mr. Chairman, I feel that the sense of right and justice so inherent in the true Irish nature, will guide us aright and that the false bubbles of political notoriety will no longer lure our youth from the path of recitude. I feel the society of which I have with you, the honor to be a member, will do much towards raising our race on the American soil to the high plane of citizenship they are fitted to occupy. I feel assured that the youth will rise superior to the bait of the trickster and will become, as his people have been in the glorious past of this great nation, its best, most worthy and most devoted citizens."

The speaker closed with reference to the effect of intelligent discussion of Irish national affairs, saying it would do much to clear up misunderstandings and produce a more healthy spirit among those who are interested in the welfare of the Green Isle and anxious to see her free from the ills of misgovernment and alien oppression.

At the conclusion of Mr. Keating's address the secretary enrolled seventy-three new members, and the future of the Irish-American Lyceum was assured. We seldom witnessed more genuine enthusiasm, and the deep interest taken in the proceedings of the first meeting augurs well for the success of those to come. Nine-tenths of those present were young ladies and gentlemen whose faces were new to the writer. In all probability it was the first opportunity they ever had to show how deep and widespread is the interest felt in Ireland's splendid past, and to assist in regenerating the land of many sorrows. How many hundreds more will flock to swell the audience of the next meeting of the Lyceum those present could not say, but on all sides were uttered warm encouragement and assurances of increased membership. A movement from the people, without invitation or suggestion from the few who usually take the initiative on such occasions, shows that the cause of the Irish race is winning new recruits, young soldiers, to fight the battles of the pregnant future. It was most cheering to many present who for years past have labored in a humble way to keep the altar fire alight, to notice that around them were so many gifted scions of the old blood, eager and willing to take up the good fight when time prohibits their elders remaining in the lists. The task of the elders will now be to guide the pliant thoughts of the youthful patriots in the true channel of Irish nationality, so that when the hour of active service arrives, new voices and fresher talents will be enlisted in the battle for Erin's rights. Should the Lyceum prosper, as its objects deserve, the expression of Irish-American opinion on this continent and particularly in this great city, will be championed and supported by many who, though now unknown in the arena, will nevertheless, make themselves felt in council and debate, whose vigor and patriotism will give a new impetus to the elevation of the Irish race and the redemption of the Green Isle from the oppression which for centuries has retarded her progress towards the goal of nationality.

The president-elect, Hon. Wm. Dillon, editor of the *New World*, will deliver his inaugural address at the next meeting, and a splendid evening's entertainment will be prepared. We trust, if possible, even a larger audience will assemble to encourage our young Lyceum friends in their praiseworthy undertaking.

SHAUN.

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticised her puddings and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too,
If she only would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigamarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

AS VIEWED BY AN ENGINEER.

Impression of a Piano Solo from a Railroad Man's Standpoint.

"I was loitering around the streets one night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, to a reporter. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up one end, just as if they were guages, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went round like a buzzsaw and I got excited.

"About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle way back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee.

"I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped his eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet in the mile and not a controlling break set. She went by the meeting point at a mile a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and grasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be 1,000 years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchmen gave me on a piano."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Low Rate Excursions to the West.

On Dec. 4 and 18, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets from stations in Illinois and Iowa to points in Nebraska, Wyoming and the Black Hills district of South Dakota at very low rates for the round trip; tickets good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of sale. For tickets and detailed information apply to agents of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

FINGAL.

The Birthplace of Gobban Saer Visited by the Irish Antiquarian Society.

Noted for the Great Number of Its Ancient Landmarks and Ruined Celtic Churches.

On Sunday, Oct. 21, says the *Irish Daily Independent*, some members and friends of the Irish Antiquarian Society paid a visit to East Fingal, in the county Dublin, for the purpose of examining the birth place of the renowned Irish worthy—Gobban Saer. The party proceeded by the morning train to Donabate, a quaint little village containing some primitive thatched cabins, and occupied by a hardy and industrious people. It was once a place of importance, and played a prominent part in the chances and changes of Irish National life. A feature of Fingal is the extraordinary number of its ancient landmarks and its ruined Celtic churches, some of them within a mile of each other, even in the most thickly-populated districts. The so-called English Conquest led to many and great changes. The Danes had prepared the way for the Strongbows and Anglo-Saxon rule. The last Norse King of Dublin—Hamund MacTurkil—after his unsuccessful contest with the Normans, retired to Malahide. But this warrior viking of the North did not long remain musing by the seashore—for the annals tell us he made another effort to drive back the victors—was again beaten, taken prisoner and beheaded, and his lands of Kinsealy were bestowed by King Henry II on St. Mary's Abbey. The ancient territory known as Fingal extends from the river Tolka, at the south, to the river Delvin at the north, and is that part of which is now called the county Dublin lying between these two streams. Fingal, from Balscadden in the north to Clontarf in the south, is nineteen miles long, and from Rush and Lusk in the east to Ballymadun in the west, is thirteen miles wide. Probably there is not another district in Ireland so little known to the average tourist, or city bohemian; and is only known to and visited by the antiquarian attracted thereto by the many monuments of antiquity which stud the historic ground in every direction. The story of how it came to pass that these monuments were raised ought to be an interesting one. St. Patrick preached here and St. Columbkille walked over it on his way to Port Rechru (Portrane), to visit Colman, on the Island of Lambay, previous to setting out on his voyage to Iona. Canice, Finan and MacCull settled at Finglas, Swords and Cusk. They were ideal monks of an intensely evangelistic and missionary spirit. They were Celts preaching to Celts, and their enthusiasm soon planted Christianity in Fingal, notwithstanding the savage Druids who everywhere succumbed to the monastic order of the Irish church.

The earliest places won by the Celtic monks were, there is reason to believe, that of Clogharan and Donabate, and the little ruined church of the latter place is the earliest example we have remaining in Fingal of a stone church of the Celtic period. Donaghbat, or the "Church of the Boat," stands about a mile south of Newbridge house at the head of a little inlet of the Malahide estuary. It is in ruins, like most of the Celtic churches in Fingal. Its name is suggestive of its position. Even in Celtic times there was a ferry here between Portrane, Promontory and Malahide, and the church was built where the boat used to be hauled up. It is a lonely spot. The little oratory measures 28 feet by 18. The west gable is down, and the east remains, though fast crumbling away. The masonry is very rude and of unhammered boulder stones. After viewing this interesting relic of the past, the party next proceeded to a place called Turvey, also in the parish of Donabate, the traditional birthplace of Gobban Saer. Tradition and history fill a large space, and records many a fascinating story of this most remarkable man. In the course of an address delivered by Mr. J. Petrie O'Byrne, who spoke without notes, he said that Gobban Saer had a real existence. He was a celebrated builder, as his works—some of the Round Towers—testify, and belonged to a time a little more than a century after the mission of St. Patrick. This celebrated architect's name—Christian name—was Gobban, a word which means one with a mouth like the bill of a bird; and the word Saer signifies both a carpenter and a mason, and generally a builder; so that he was known as "Gobban the Builder." And to show that it is not a fanciful name is proved by the fact that Cill-Gobbain, now Kilgobbin, near Dundrum, is named after a saint of this name. These two persons are often confounded, but Gobban Saer was no Saint—not he—though he built churches and towers for the early Irish missionaries. Our old Irish writers are fond of tracing—as writers in our own day were—the romantic achievements and the physiological knowledge of uncommon and extraordinary men. Such were, for instance, Monaunan McLir, the great mariner; Lug MacElthlann, the great polytechnic, and Gubban, the great smith, and so on. They give him a father of a mysterious origin and talents, and the legend of Gobban's father traces the origin of the name of Traigh Tuirbhi, now the spot we are assembled upon, the Strand of Turvey on the rock-bound coast of Dublin.

Gobban was descended from the celebrated Teige, a prince of Munster, and he settled on the coast between the Liffey and the Boyne, where his descendants continued to rule until supplanted by the Danes.

Most readers of the lives of the Irish saints know that St. Moling brought Gobban Saer to build his oratory, and as Gobban knew how to drive a hard bargain, he remained with the saint at St. Mullins, in the county Carlow, a whole year without commencing the work. The saint entertained him and also his eight carpenters and their wives, and Gobban's wife—her name was Rundesh Derg—received a milch cow from the saint, but the cow was stolen by a thief. The saint, however, set out in pursuit of the cow-stealer, and found him roasting the cow at a large fire on the banks of the river Batrow. Gobban finished the oratory, and having presented his account to the saint a scene followed by reason of the demand made being nothing less than that the oratory should be filled with rye, and the saint agreed to give him all that it should contain in payment.

So far we are able to follow with certainty the history of the celebrated architect of the Milesians. He built another church and tower for St. Abhan, but he charged such exorbitant prices for building the edifice that the Brehon laws were invoked to settle disputed accounts. The scale of charges are given in the Book of Ballymote.

Though the builder of many churches, he is said rarely to have entered one to pray; perhaps his conscience smote him, but in the end, having built the Round Towers of Antrim, Killala and many others, he was struck blind. Possibly his blindness or excessive charges accounts for his not having built the Round Towers of Swords or Lusk, though they were within a few miles of his native place. Attempts have been made to imitate Gobban Saer in the building of those towers, but it was a special art, which seems to have been lost. In the county of Meath at the present day may be found fireside storyists who tell some amusing tales of the remarkable man. There is one which tells of his death. He had three sons, and he left his property to them equally; and the historic yew tree which grew in his garden he left "all of it that was over and under the ground" to the eldest. To second eldest he left "all that was crooked and straight," and to the third eldest he left "all that was green and yellow." Where he was buried is unknown; perhaps we walked over his grave today.

Mr. J. J. Colgan and Mr. H. Macdonall also delivered short addresses, and, after spending a happy day, the party returned to the city.

IRISH NEWS.

Speaking of the recent speech of the premier, Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell says: "Lord Rosebery's declaration that the question at the general election will not be home rule, but merely some reform of the house of lords involving not even the abolition of its veto power, is the most cynical breach of faith ever perpetrated by the British government. It means that Lord Rosebery wants to tide over the next couple of years until the expected crisis in foreign affairs produces that coalition ministry which is the grand object of his policy. No home ruler who is not a perjured and servile trimmer can tolerate such perfidy."

The death is recorded of the Rev. Father Healy, P. P., Cabinteely and Killiney, at his residence in Ballybrack. A paragraph announcing his illness prepared his friends for the sad news, which they learn with much sorrow. His genial temperament and ready wit made him the life and soul of any company in which he mingled. His assiduity in the discharge of his duties caused him to neglect a severe cold which fastened on him and developed into congestion of the lungs. He did not take to bed till too late to shake off the attack. Father Healy was 70 years of age, although he did not look so old, possessing as he did a hardy frame, and an active temperament. He was a native of Dublin, and received his ecclesiastical training at Maynooth College. He was for a considerable period parish priest of Little Bray. On the death of the Very Rev. Canon Harold, P. P., he was appointed to the parish of Cabinteely and Killiney. The clergyman was liked by all who knew him.

The inspectors of Irish fisheries have issued an order repealing and rescinding the bye-laws relating to trawling in Bantry Bay, and prohibiting such fishing at all times henceforth. The same order also applies to Kenmare Bay, and in the case of steam trawling in Sheephaven Bay, and ordinary trawling in Lacken Bay, county Mayo, and Belfast Lough.

A movement has been inangurated in Limerick for the revival of Gaelic pastimes in that city and county. It will be rembered that some few years ago Limerick held a foremost position in the ranks of the G. A. A., the famous Commercials being one of the best football teams in the association. In order to again bring about the spirit that existed in those days when the Commercials held sway, that sterling Gael, Mr. John Sheehan, secretary St. John's club, issued circulars to the secretaries of some forty clubs to send two delegates to convention to be held in the town hall. Mr. Sheehan has also applied for the necessary permission and mode of procedure to form the board to the secretary of the Central Council, Mr. D. Walsh, Cork.

It is now definitely announced that a Belfast Art and Industrial Exhibition will be held during the coming year, opening on or about the first of January, 1895, and continuing at least for three months. The exhibition is being organized by the Workingmen's Institute, and bids fair (as it ought) to be a great success. The commodious and most central premises of the Old Linen hall have been secured for the purpose, and the sections of exhibits will comprise the following: Fine arts, scientific and mechanical appliances, economic products, textile fabrics, natural history and antiquities and home industries.

Mr. John H. Parnell has purchased the well known quarries at Arklow, from which the late Mr. Parnell supplied the Dublin corporation with paving sets.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS SHEA.

Mr. Thomas Shea died on Monday, Nov. 19, at the residence of his parents, 905 Ogden avenue, of pneumonia, after an illness of only three days. He had been complaining of a slight attack of pleurisy, but remained at his post of duty until Saturday, when the first symptoms of serious illness presented themselves in a severe pain in the right side. Physicians were summoned and remedies prescribed, but all efforts to relieve his suffering were fruitless, and he died at 3:30 p.m., aged 33 years.

Thomas Shea was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., and with his brothers and father resolved to try his luck in Chicago, arriving in this city in 1889, since which time he made a host of friends. The high esteem in which he was held by his co-laborers was testified to by the appropriate floral tributes offered. Funeral services were held at St. Agatha church, where requiem mass was chanted by Rev. Father Brooks, after which all that was mortal of "Tom" Shea was borne via Michigan Central Railway to the family burial place in St. Augustine's Riverside Cemetery, Kalamazoo, Mich.

GOT A GOOD THRASHING.

The Fate of a Spanish Soldier Who Insulted a Capuchin Father.

A Spanish soldier, who was leaving a tavern, met a Capuchin, a stalwart man and vigorous, but who was following his road with the utmost composure, his eyes on the ground, never looking at anyone. The soldier taking it into his head to insult him, put himself directly into his path.

"Father," he began, "I want you to smoke a cigar."

"Permit me to pass, my son."

"You have to smoke."

"I can't."

"You'll enrage me."

"I am aware of it, but bear in mind that I am forbidden to smoke."

"Will you smoke?"

"No."

"Then take that;" and suiting the action to the word, he dealt the poor Capuchin the finest blow on the cheek that ever a drunken soldier gave a friar.

"God commands me to pardon thee," said the Capuchin humbly, "and I pardon thee."

"Ha! ha! a man as strong as you are, to do this!" answered the soldier breaking into a hoarse laugh.

"Nay, more; God commands me to offer the other cheek, and here it is."

"Ah!" exclaimed the soldier, "then take another;" and he delivered a blow, twin-sister to the first, on the cheek that the priest was holding to him.

"God be my aid," said the friar, as he threw off his cowl and rolled up his sleeves.

"And now what does God command you?" ironically inquired the ruffianly soldier.

"He commands nothing. He leaves me at liberty."

And with this he flew at the soldier like fury, felled him as if he were a straw man, and let fall on him such a hail of buffets and bruises that left him half dead.

Then he covered his head again with his hood and tranquilly pursued his way, saying:

"The Gospel says, 'If one strike thee on the right cheek turn to him also the other,' and further than this it commands nothing. Well, then, when the law speak one must obey; when it is silent, common sense is law.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DR. M'COSH IS DEAD.

PRINCETON'S VENERABLE EX-PRESIDENT PASSES AWAY.

Lays Down the Burden of Life at the Ripe Old Age of 83 Years—Some of the Books He Wrote, One of Which Made Him a College Professor.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 17.—Dr. James H. McCosh, the venerable ex-president of Princeton university, and a leading educator of the age, departed this life at 10 o'clock last night. He had been unconscious nearly all day and died in that condition. His son, Dr. Andrew J. McCosh; his



DR. JAMES M'COSH.

daughters, Mrs. David Magie, and Mrs. Alexander Maitland, and his wife, Mrs. Isabella McCosh, were at his deathbed. He had suffered no physical pain, and aside from weakness brought on by old age had been in perfect health. His physicians attribute his death to heart failure induced by old age.

A Pupil of the Celebrated Chalmers.

James McCosh was born in Carskeoch, Ayshire, Scotland, April 1, 1811. He studied at the University of Glasgow from 1824 till 1829, and at that of Edinburgh from 1829 till 1834. In the latter institution he was a pupil of Dr. Thomas Chalmers. Having written an essay on the Stoic philosophy, the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him on motion of Sir William Hamilton. He was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland at Arbroath in 1835, but removed in 1839 to Brechin, where he ministered to 1,400 communicants. In 1843 he took an active part in the organization of the Free Church of Scotland. While pastor at Brechin he published a work entitled "Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral," in which he endeavors to interrogate nature by the inductive method, inquiring what is the method of the divine government, primarily in the physical world, and secondarily in providence as relating to the character of man and tending to his restoration.

His Removal to the United States.

In 1868 he removed to the United States, having been elected president of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, where his administration has been remarkably successful. The staff of professors has been increased from seventeen to forty-one, and the average attendance of students from 264 to 608. Having been thus successful in his administration, and desiring to be relieved on account of advancing years Dr. McCosh offered his resignation in November, 1887, which took effect in June, 1888. He was voted a salary as president emeritus, and retained the chair of philosophy. He received the degree of LL. D. from Aberdeen in 1850, and from Harvard in 1868, while Queen's university, Ireland, has given him that of D. Litt.

MASSACHUSETTS IN MOURNING.

Robt. C. Winthrop, One of Her Most Eminent Sons, Joins the Majority.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 17.—A special to The Republic from Boston says: Robert C. Winthrop died last night at 11:30 o'clock. He had been in delicate health for a long time and the end was not unexpected. Mr. Winthrop had been living in quiet retirement for several years on this account. He was one of Massachusetts's most noted sons, classing high as a statesman and orator. His gift of oratory was something wonderful. He was one of the principal orators at the dedication of the Washington monument, the other one being Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia.

VERDICT AGAINST COL. COIT.

He and Sheriff Cook Charged with Willful Murder by the Coroner.

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE, O., Nov. 16.—In the inquest on the five persons who were killed while trying to mob the negro on Oct. 17 last a verdict was rendered declaring Colonel A. B. Coit and Sheriff Cook guilty of taking life at a time when there was no "imminent danger of serious destruction of property or harm to any one inside the court house," or the remotest danger of the prisoner being lynched. This is tantamount to a verdict of willful murder, and the case will go before the grand jury, and the defendants will have to be locked up if the grand jury agrees with the coroner. It is denied here that there is any danger of mob law in the case of either of the accused.

Wright Stands by His Report.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—"It is impregnable and the conclusions reached by the strike commissioners were based upon good, solid evidence." This utterance referred to the recent report of the United States strike commission, and was made by Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, and was called forth by his attention being called to the Railway Age article (printed in these dispatches). He said the commissioners would not reply until they received a copy of the Railway Age article.

O'Malley Is Under Bonds.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—John F. O'Malley, ex-state senator, who shot two men just after the election—neither fatally—and is charged with being the leader of the gang that committed so many assaults at the polls of the Twenty-third ward on election day, walked into a police station and gave himself up. He said he had been in New York, but came back as soon as he knew he was wanted. He was put under bonds of $1,000 for making threats and $3,000 for shooting Varolas in a saloon.

Storm Stops the Colorado Fire.

BOULDER, Nov. 17.—A heavy snow storm has checked the forest fires, and Gold Hill is reported to be saved. The property damage is now put at $1,000,000. Several hundred people have been made homeless.

KOLB ISSUES AN ADDRESS.

A Speck of Civil War Which Is Looming Up in Alabama.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 20.—Reuben F. Kolb, the defeated candidate of the Populist party for governor of Alabama, publishes a lengthy address to the people of Alabama in The People's Daily Tribune, of this city, the state organ of the Kolbites and Populists, in which he declares his intention to be inaugurated governor of the state Dec. 1, and calls upon his followers everywhere to gather at Montgomery on that day and aid him in taking his seat. The address begins by saying that the paramount issue in the late state campaign was honest elections, and charges that frauds were committed in 1892. It says there was almost a universal demand against the repetition of those frauds.

The address then refers to his claim just after the election that he had been honestly chosen; to the conferences held in every county later, and to the convention of Nov. 12 which declared that he was elected but had been cheated out of his rights. Kolb then says that last Saturday when the legislature convened in joint session to count the votes for state officers, Senator Goodwin arose to file a protest signed by forty-four Populist members of the legislature against counting the vote of certain counties where it is alleged frauds were committed, when Speaker Clarke, of the house, declared Goodwin out of order and ordered him to take his seat, calling upon the doorkeeper to seat him.

The address than concludes: "The official count, as declared the speaker, gives Oates a majority of 27,582. Election frauds committed in the counties named in the protest of Senator Goodwin, of which we have positive and sworn evidence, would be more than sufficient to wipe out all the majorities claimed for Oates. The foregoing considered, and in view of the existing conditions in Alabama, I have determined to discharge my full duty to the people of Alabama. * * * You, fellow citizens, have twice elected me governor of this state, and this time, by the grace of God and the help of the good people of Alabama, I will be governor.

"Dec. 1 is the day fixed by law for the inauguration of the governor. On that day I shall be in Montgomery for the purpose of taking the oath of office and my seat as governor. And I hereby call upon good people in every part of the state to aid me in all proper and peaceable methods to uphold the law and set aside the power of traitors and usurpers in Alabama. I appeal to my friends and supporters from all parts of the state to be in Montgomery on the 1st day of December, 1894, there and then to give me their support in a lawful and peaceable manner to vindicate their liberties; I counsel against any unlawful demonstration, but ask the presence and co-operation of freemen in a necessary effort to enforce the law and carry out the will of the people.

[Signed] "R. F. KOLB."

The arrest of Kolb for treason is not improbable, and if his followers undertake to seat him, which, judging from the sentiments expressed at their meeting in Montgomery last week, they will undoubtedly do, it is believed there will be serious trouble.

FUNERAL OF CZAR ALEXANDER.

The Whole Service Takes Place in the Limits of the Cathedral.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 20.—The booming of guns told the multitudes of people who crowded the streets outside of the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul that the late czar of all the Russias was being borne to the tomb where his fathers lie. The cathedral was packed with the dignitaries of Europe and Russia, and the ceremony was conducted with all the pegeantry of the Orthodox church. The body was borne to the vault by royalty's own hands, Czar Nicholas being one of the bearers, and lowered to its resting place by high civil officers.

While this was being done the guns boomed out a last requiem, and as the vault was closed the mourning flag was lowered and the imperial flag was raised in its place. "Le Roi ert Mort; Vive le Roi." There is an immense demand for the flowers that were used in the cathedral, and today they are being distributed as mementos. The czarina and other close relatives of the late czar were much affected by the final farewell.

An incident Sunday afternoon, which was attempted to be kept secret, caused rumor of an attempt on the czar's life. As he was going to the cathedral a peasant stepped forward and threw a package at him. He first started back, but then coolly picked it up. The peasant was arrested, but it is announced that his package was a petition which will be granted.

EIGHT OF TEN MEN DROWNED.

Barge Capsizes and Buries Them Under Tons of Rock.

PUNTA GORDA, Fla., Nov. 19.—An accident occurred in Charlotte harbor by which eight men lost their lives. Ten workmen were asleep on a barge loaded phosphate when it suddenly capsized, with burying the men under tons of rock. Two of them managed to escape, but eight were lost. The list of dead is as follows: S. W. M. Mitchell, A. Parker, Wiley Walker, Tom Vann, Will Vann, Dave Frausiyn, Berry Jones and Jack Spencer.

Charges Sage and Gould with Theft.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Russell Sage and George Gould moved before Justice Truax, of the supreme court, for an extension of time to answer in the action brought by the Soldiers' Orphans' home of St. Louis to recover about $11,000,000 for the bondholders of the Kansas Pacific Railroad company. Lawyer L. J. Morrison said that the defendants knew about the case and ought to answer immediately. He said that Sage and Jay Gould were guilty of what in plain language is larceny. Decision was reserved.

Young Man Shot by a Woman.

STOCKTON, Cal., Nov. 17.—Frank Quinn, a well-known young man of this city, was shot and killed in a lodging house by a young woman named Edith Elder. She subsequently shot herself in the right side, but she will recover. The woman confessed that she intended to shoot Quinn because he had wronged her under promise of marriage.

Escaped Prisoners Leave a Defiance.

CANON CITY, Colo., Nov. 19.—Two prisoners, Hutchins and Furman, have escaped from the county jail. They entered the sheriff's office and stole four revolvers and a certificate of deposit for $300. They left a note saying whoever followed them had better come prepared to shoot

NATIONAL W. C. T. U. MEETING.

The Day Devoted to Reports of Progress in Various Branches.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 20.—Reports from departments took up the day in the W. C. T. U. convention. Under this head the evangelistic, work among the miners, mercy (reported against the use of birds for ladies' millinery ornaments and against vivisection), purity, work among railway men, and other departments, reported, all showing good progress, though the purity department complained of lack of funds. A report of work of the white ribboners among south Africans was also made, which said that they were enthusiastic over there.

A feature of the session was the introduction of Mrs. E. A. Shorer, who recently christened a ship with water instead of wine. She is a Wisconsin woman and wife of a ship owner. She spoke briefly, and Miss Willard, in introducing her, remarked that "it would have been better for Mrs. Cleveland to pour water over the bow of the St. Louis than champagne." Mrs. E. A. Blair, of California, reported that she had traveled 12,000 miles and organized thirty-four temperance leagues.

The evening session was a celebration in honor of the anniversary of the crusade movement. Mrs. Henrietta L. Moore, president of the Ohio W. C. T. U., was in the chair. Addresses of felicitation and of reminiscence were delivered by Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, of Chicago; Mrs. E. J. Thompson, of Ohio; Mrs. Mary B. Ingham, of Cleveland; Mrs. S. S. Fessenden, of Massachusetts, and Miss Willard. The feature of the celebration was the presentation to Miss Cornelia Dow, for her father, the famous General Neal Dow, who is unable to be at the convention, of a handsomely engrossed testimonial from the white ribbon people of England and America.

TWENTY-TWO ARE DROWNED.

Loss of the British Ship Culmore—Storm Still Raging.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The British ship Culmore, Captain Read, foundered eighty miles off Spurn Head, County of York. Twenty-two persons were drowned. The Culmore was built at Port Glasgow in 1890. She registered 1,689 tons and was 260 feet long, 38 feet beam and 23 feet deep. She hailed from London and was owned by Thompson, Dicks & Co.

Stormy weather and floods continue to prevail over the southern part of England and the loss of life and damage to property is increasing greatly. At Bath, Somersetshire, the River Avon has reached the highest point of the century. Thousands of people are homeless and are being fed by the authorities in various schools and other public buildings. Dispatches received here from Dover say that the gale is blowing with renewed violence. Several ships have been washed ashore along that portion of the coast. The floods in Sussex are increasing. Many houses at Windsor and Eton have been flooded. At Worthing the bodies of seven drowned sailors have been washed ashore.

Denmark Embargos Our Beef.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Count Reventlow, the Danish minister, first heard of the action of Denmark in excluding American beef and meats, through the Associated Press cable from Copenhagen. The count expressed surprise, as no action in that line had heretofore been contemplated. He said the action was probably due to a request from Germany, as beef received at Danish ports frequently would find its way into Germany and thus overcome the German restriction. Count Reventlow says Denmark uses very little American beef or meat products.

Dragged to Death by a Cow.

EMPORIA, Kan., Nov. 20.—Amos Bushong, aged 71, was dragged to death by a cow. He had taken the cow to a well and while drawing water tied the rope to his wrist. The animal got frightened and threw him to the ground. She then dashed off, dragging him several blocks and through a stoneyard. His head was beaten almost out of shape against the stones. Mr. Bushong was a much respected citizen. One of his sons is president of the college at Winfield, and a daughter is the wife of the Rev. D. E. Shuey, Freeport, Ills.

Unseated Delegates of Miners.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 20.—At the convention of the Knights of Labor the miners' delegations from Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania were unseated, despite their claim that they represented many thousands of knights. The miners propose to report back to their organizations recommending secession. The miners are in the Powderly camp and Powderly himself proposes to lead a vigorous fight. The miners were unseated by a vote of 34 to 27, which shows that Sovereign and Hayes will be re-elected.

Baptist Congress Has Closed.

DETROIT, Nov. 16.—The closing session of the Baptist congress was devoted to papers on "Christ the Liberator; Christ the Unifier," with Dr. Z. Grennell, of Detroit, and Rev. C. J. Baldwin, of Grantville, O., as the essayists. Before final adjournment the Rev. Dr. McLaurin, of Detroit, thanked the congress for its presence and progressive influence.

Little Mine Rioters Sentenced.

PEKIN, Ills., Nov. 20.—John Gehr, Charles Jones, Daniel Cadell and John Heathcote, who last week were convicted of manslaughter, were taken before Judge Green and sentenced to the penitentiary—the two former for five years and the two latter for three years.

THE DEATH RECORD.

RALPH POMEROY, prominent citizen of Wisconsin, at Edgarton.

WILLIAM H. MAUEO, oldest Odd Fellow in Iowa, at Burlington.

Dr. CARTER B. HIGGINS, popular physician of Peru, Ind.

HAMILTON STUART, state editor of the Galveston News, at Galveston, Tex.

HENRY ELI ATLINGER, the "Hoosier Poet," at Hulburt, Ind.

Rev. HENRY L. KELLOGG, editor of The Christian Cynosure, at Wheaton, Ills.

FRANCIS A. TEALL, an old time editor, at Bloomfield, N. J.

J. M. BUCKLEY, well known in the Pacific northwest, at Hot Springs, Ark.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT, old settler of Coldwater, Mich.

JOHN K. WARREN, first Republican mayor of Decatur, Ills.

Elder O. T. SCOTT, prominent Presbyterian, at Monticello, Ills.

WILLIAM T. THELIN, auditor of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, at Baltimore.

JOHN A. WARING, widely known railway man, at Toledo, O.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Placed Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 16.—Resolutions have been adopted by the Illinois State Grange favoring the inflation of the currency to "the actual needs of the business of the country;" favoring the abolition of the national banks and the substitution of treasury notes for national bank notes, and condemning the late bond issues. Robert Eaton, of Joliet, and J. R. Tate, of Belleville, were elected members of the executive committee.

The election of United States senators by the people was favored and $6,000 appropriated for assistant state lecturers. The state body and national body held a joint meeting last night and addresses were made by J. B. Long, of Texas; Frank Kramer, mayor of Springfield; National Master Brigham, of Ohio; National Lecturer Messer, of Vermont; Oliver Wilson, master of the Illinois Grange, and others. The sixth degree was conferred on 170 candidates. The greatest increase for the past year in the National Grange was in Pennsylvania; Ohio, second, and Illinois third.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 17.—The fifth degree was conferred on fifteen candidates and the sixth on sixty-seven by the state Grange. J. R. Shaver, of LaSalle, was given a gold-headed cane. He has been on the executive committee for fifteen years. Mrs. Lizzie G. Chapman, of LaSalle, was given an elegant bonnet, as the first woman that ever organized a grange in the world. Adjourned sine die.

MADMAN AT LARGE.

Thomas Williams, an Insane Convict, Escapes from the Asylum.

CHESTER Ills., Nov. 19.—Charles I. Richards, night watchman at the Illinois hospital for insane criminals, had a desperate encounter with a maniac at an early hour in the morning. While making his rounds at 3 o'clock he was met in the corridor on the first floor by Thomas Williams, an insane convict, who assaulted him with the iron leg of a bathtub, inflicting five gashes upon his head and felling him to the floor. Williams then ran out of the corridor door into the main office and escaped through a window.

Richards had recovered and followed him and fired five shots as he made his exit. Williams is a big, burly negro and killed a man at Chicago during the World's fair, for which crime he was sent to Joliet prison for life. Later he became insane and was transferred to the hospital here. A reward is offered for his recapture and officers are scouring the country. Richards will recover.

Succeeds His Father.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 16.—Governor Altgeld has appointed Elijah P. Ramsay state treasurer, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of his father, Rufus N. Ramsay, whose term does not expire until the beginning of the year. The newly appointed treasurer is a very young man to hold the responsible position, but he has been chief clerk in the office since the accession of his father, and is thoroughly familiar with the details. He left for Chicago to arrange for bondsmen.

Gore vs. Meleney.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 20.—The case of David Gore, auditor of public accounts, vs. Maurice T. Meleney, attorney general, is being argued in the Sangamon circuit court on demurrer. The auditor asks for a writ of mandamus to compel the attorney general to proceed against the Illinois Building and Loan association at Bloomington to wind up its affairs. Since the proceeding was instituted the attorney general has done just what the auditor asks the court to compel him to do.

He Got the Keg Open.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 20.—Benson Kuhl, a coal miner employed at the Starne shaft, was blown up while trying to open a twenty-five pound keg of dynamite with a hammer and chisel. His hair was blown entirely off, the skin on his face razed, and other injuries sustained. His condition is serious and his escape from instant death was miraculous.

Inauguration of President Draper.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Nov. 16.—A vast assemblage of people witnessed the exercises attending the inauguration of Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper as president of the University of Illinois. Presidents and members of faculties from many colleges and educational men and women from all parts of the country were present.

Illinois Railway Classification.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 19.—The Illinois board of railroad and warehouse commission announces an early change in the schedule and classification of roads in Illinois. There will be four classification instead of two. This gives the smaller roads a better per cent. on freight rates.

Commissioner of Chester Prison.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 20.—Governor Altgeld announces the appointment of James D. Baker as commissioner of the southern Illinois penitentiary. Mr. Baker has just resigned the wardenship of the same institution.

Notes of the State.

The city council of Casey, Ills., has purchased forty acres near the city limits to be utilized as a reservoir preparatory to erecting waterworks and making a public park. In all probability the work will be begun at once.

Mrs. A. S. Cox of Canton, Ills., dropped a lamp, setting fire to her clothing and burning her to death.

At Highland, Ills., Leo Litz, aged 18, committed suicide by sending a bullet through his brain.

H. M. White's pawnshop at Decatur, Ills., was robbed of watches and jewelry worth $1,500.

Edwin Simpson is in jail at DeKalb, Ills., having been sentenced to ten days' imprisonment by Judge Grosscup of Chicago for sending obscene matter through the mails.

Despondency Caused by Drink.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 19.—Captain Thomas Robertson, Jr., of the Washington Light artillery, a local military company, committed suicide by shooting himself in the right temple with a pistol. Despondency caused by drink supposed to be the cause. He was 35 years old and unmarried.

THAT CRIME IN ARMENIA.

Further Dispatches Tending to Confirm the Reported Massacre.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—A dispatch to The Daily News from Constantinople says that the energetic action of Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador to Turkey, in protesting against the treatment of the Armenians has caused consternation among the members of the Turkish government. Everything has been done to keep secret the facts of the outrages. Information from various sources tends to prove that the Sassun affair was most serious.

A dispatch to The Times from Vienna says that a letter has been received there from Smyrna reporting that Zeki Pasha, a Turkish marshal, with a detachment of Nizams and a field battery, massacred 9,000 Armenians at Sassun. The bodies of the dead were left unburied and their presence has caused an outbreak of cholera.

The sultan has decided to send a commission composed of three members of his military household and one civilian to Sassun for the purpose of making an impartial inquiry into the outrages on Armenians. The latest news is to the effect that many of the Armenians who were supposed to have been killed fled from the soldiery and are now returning.

The last appeal says that the Armenians do not wish to see more of their territory annexed to Russia, but if Great Britain is unable to help them they will be compelled to look to Russia, under whose yoke they would be better off than under the yoke of Turkey.

Quit Work for the Winter.

PRINCETON, Ills., Nov. 17.—The contractors for the lock excavations of the Hennepin canal quit work for the winter and shipped their tools to the government works at points along the Mississippi river. The men were paid off in this city, and, many of them becoming intoxicated, a general fight ensued. As a result two of them, James Malley and George Murphy, are serving out fines in jail and a third, William Milvaney, is held to the circuit court. The contractors for the trunk line of the canal will continue work the greater part of the winter.

Doings of the National Grange.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 20.—At the session of the National Grange the committee on co-operation recommended what is known as the Pennsylvania system of buying, and it was adopted. A resolution requiring an educational qualification for voting was referred to the state and subordinate granges for action. A resolution that laws be enacted by the state legislature requiring bakers to make full loaves four pounds, and half loaves two pounds, was adopted.

Cut Hubby Off with Nothing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The will of Josephine L. Peyton, who leaves $3,100,000 and disregards her husband, has been filed with the probate court. Her husband, William K. Peyton, was provided for in a codicil which is entirely revoked by a later codicil, which says that Peyton "has not acted in a manner befitting a husband."

Balize Stronghold Carried.

BATAVIA, Java, Nov. 20.—A dispatch from the island of Lombok says that heavy fighting took place between the Dutch troops and the rebellious Balines. The stronghold of the Balines at Tjakranegara was carried by a furious onslaught by the Dutch. The Dutch operations against the Balines continue.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¼@487½ for demand and 486@486¼ for sixty days; posted rates 487@487½ and 488@488½; commercial bills 485.

Silver certificates 63¼ bid; no sales; bar silver, 63¼. Mexican dollars 51.

United States government bonds 5's regular, 117½; 5's coupons, 117½; 4's regular, 114; 4's coupons, 114½; 3's regular, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 56c, closed 55¾c; December, opened 56¼c, closed 55¾c; May, opened 61¼c; closed 60¾c. Corn—November, opened 51c, closed 50¾c; December, opened 50¼c; closed 49¾c; May, opened 46¾c, closed 46¼c. Oats—November, opened —c, closed 28½c; December, opened 29¼c, closed 28¾c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¼c. Pork—November, opened $—, closed $—; January, opened $12.70, closed 12.47½. Lard—January, opened $7.30, closed $7.20.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb.; extra dairy, 21c; packing stock, 10@10½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 21c per doz. loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, 5½c@7½c per lb; turkeys, 5c; ducks, 8@8½c; geese, $5.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 42@50c per bu.; Hebrons, 42@45c; early rose, 42@45c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@1.60 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to choice, $3.00@3.25 per bbl; fancy, $3.50@3.75. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@15c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages; 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.35 pigs, $4.10@4.60 light, $4.30@4.50 rough packing, $4.30@4.90 mixed, and $4.55@5.05 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 21,000; quotations ranged at $5.30@6.45 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.80@5.60 good to choice do., $3.90@4.60 fair to good, $3.20@4.10 common to medium do., $3.00@3.70 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.00 stockers, $2.80@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.60 cows, $2.40@3.20 heifers, $1.80@3.60 bulls, $2.35@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers, and $2.00@5.80 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 8,000; sales ranged at $1.80@3.00 westerns, $1.50@2.75 Texans, $1.25@3.40 natives, and 2.00@4.20 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Nov. 19.

Cattle—Receipts, 4,220 head; market strong-dr for heavy export grades; extra export steers, $5.15@5.35; heavy shipping, $4.75@5.00; cows and heifers, $2.75@3.25; fresh cows, $2.40@3.15. Hogs—Receipts, 33,700; Yorkers, $4.30@4.35; mixed packers, $4.40@4.50; mediums, $4.55@4.60; good heavy, $4.70@4.75; pigs, $4.35@4.40. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 44,200; market very dull and low and considerably demoralized; choice native lambs, $3.25@3.80; fair to good, $2.85@3.00; sheep, good mixed, $2.10@2.25; choice, $2.30@2.40.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 19.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58c; No. 1 northern, 63c; May, 61c. Corn—No. 3, 49½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 32¾c; No. 3 white, 31¼c. Barley—No. 2, 53½c; samples, 53½@54½c. Rye—No. 1, 80½c.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, Nov. 19.

Wheat—No. 2 cash, 55¾c; November, 55¾c; December, 56½c; May, 60¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 40c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 30c; No. 2 white, 31½c. Rye—Cash, 48½c. Clover Seed—Prime cash $4.87; November, $5.00; February, 5.02½.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Nov. 15.

Attorney General Olney has decided that salt imported from Germany is dutiable, under the new tariff bill, because Germany taxes our salt.

Albert A. Cadwallader, ex-president of the Superior (Wis.) National bank, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for embezzling $40,000 of the bank's funds.

Commander-in-Chief Thomas G. Lawler was elected for the twenty-seventh consecutive time commander of Nevius post No. 1, G. A. R., at Rockford. The veterans of Nevius post say the office is his for life.

The schooner John Shaw broke away from the steamer John Eddy, towing her to Alpena, and is believed to have been lost. A violent storm was raging at the time.

Latest returns show a plurality of over 9,000 for Evans (Rep.) for governor of Tennessee. The Democrats will have a majority of sixteen in the legislature.

The house committee on appropriations has been notified that a meeting will be held Nov. 20.

Friday, Nov. 16.

The British ship Culmore foundered in a storm off Spurn Head, England, and all on board, twenty-two, were drowned.

Governor Waite has appointed Phœbe Cousins a delegate from Colorado to the Trans-Mississippi congress that meets at St. Louis this month.

Jacob Hirsch, a dry goods clerk at Albuquerque, N. M., killed himself because he had lost $1,600 at gambling.

Senator Calvin S. Brice declares that the next Democratic candidate for president will be Vice President Stevenson.

The 7-year-old daughter of A. McGee, of Chicago, has recovered from the diphtheria after being given up by the doctors. Antitoxine did it—the first case in which it has been used at Chicago.

The Woman's club, of Chicago, has rejected the application for membership of Mrs. Fanny B. Williams, an accomplished woman, because she is a negress.

Hill's election expenses as Democratic candidate for governor of New York were 3,055.59, while those of Hugh J. Grant, Tammany candidate for mayor, amounted to $17,115.25.

Saturday, Nov. 17.

In the case against Debs et al. the defendants have filed a motion at Chicago to quash the indictments and the matter will be argued Dec. 4. If the indictments are sustained the trials will begin Jan. 8.

It seems that Port Arthur is still held by the Chinese, and that the Japs will have to whip 16,000 men who are defending the works there, which latter are said to be of the best construction and armament.

The Tacoma chamber of commerce has adopted a memorial to congress urging prompt legislation in aid of the Nicaragua canal.

Argentina is daily looking for a revolution to break out at Buenos Ayres.

A horticultural society has been organized in connection with the People's palace to encourage the growing of plants and flowers in east London.

Presidential postmasters appointed: James T. Lewis at Appleton, Minn.; Job Mills, at Lodi, Wis.

The American Bell Telephone company has voted to increase its capital stock from $2,000,000 to $3,500,000.

Monday, Nov. 19.

Fire in the Perigo mine tunnel at Blackhawk, Col., caused a dense smoke that suffocated Durham Ovey, Albert Sanders, James Whitlow and Lipper Wills.

H. G. Worden, the A. R. U. man found guilty of wrecking the Southern Pacific train near Sacramento during the strike and killing five men, has been sentenced to be hanged Feb. 13 next.

It is probable that the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman will be moved to St. Louis from Terre Haute, Ind., where they are now established.

It has leaked out at Lexington, Ky., that Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge will on the lecture platform under the management of C. D. Hess.

John A. Waring, a widely known railway man, died in his residence at Toledo, O., of Bright's disease, aged 53.

E. C. Bumgardner, an unmarried farmer living in Franklin county, Ia., is in jail at Eldora, that state, for cattle thieving. He proves to be an old offender, too.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.

A Jersey City baker has reduced the price of bread to 3 cents a loaf.

The members of the family of Martin Gasse, near Vandalia, Ills., have been poisoned by eating cookies.

Two more of the victims of the Minnesota forest fires have been found in the northern portion of the burned district. One was Captain L. Brook, of Pine City, the other unknown.

The Bimetallic League executive committee will hold a conference at St. Louis on the 27th inst. to discuss the situation and decide on a policy.

In making an arrest Officer Kellar, of New Orleans, was shot in the head and instantly killed. An unsuccessful attempt was made to lynch the murderer.

Turkish rugs are now being made in Belgium. Girls employed in the work receive from 20 to 25 cents a day.

It is stated at Lincoln, Neb., that the Republicans will demand of the legislature a recount of the vote on governor.

General W. H. Gibson is lying dangerously ill at Tiffin, O.

Captain Short of the San Francisco police force will be 67 years old on the 22d of this month, at which date he will be retired on a pension.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain in and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.



CHAPTER III.

Raymer learned from Padre Gutierrez that during the Confederate invasion of New Mexico from Texas this cabin had been built and occupied as a station for Union pickets to prevent an approach by way of Los Valles Grandes. It was about 30 feet by 20 and stood with one end close against the perpendicular face of the butte, with an overhanging shelf a hundred feet above it. The face of the butte, in fact, formed the northern end of the cabin, and against it was built a wide fireplace and capacious chimney.

At the end of the cabin farthest from the wall the ground broke off perpendicularly downward to a spring, the source of the brook. The only way to cross from one side to the other of the ravine or gulch, except by going a mile down the stream or to the north end of the butte, was therefore through the cabin by the doors opening on each side. The building could be attacked only on the east and west sides. It could not be reached from above, for the stratum of the cliff that formed the shelf jutted over it at least 35 feet, so that a stone dropped from overhead would fall five feet outside the south wall of the cabin.

There was a window in each of the walls except the one against the cliff. It was evident that four men, if supplied with plenty of rations and cartridges, could make a successful defense. Water could be had by lowering a bucket or canteen from the south window to the spring 24 feet below the window sill.

The Indians, who had galloped furiously and vociferously up the trail on the western side of the brook, had halted at a safe distance when they saw the white men and women enter the cabin. They seemed to show great respect for the place of refuge and the rifles at the windows. The weapons in the hands of the lieutenant and sergeant could throw a bullet farther and could be loaded more rapidly than any guns in their possession, for this was before the Indian trader had sold the tribe the modern improved firearms. The priest and his serving man were armed with hunters' rifles.

The men in the cabin removed the saddles from the horses and hitched the animals in the end of the room farthest from the chimney. The women withdrew into a corner beside the fireplace, and spreading a few blankets upon the floor sat upon them, the sisters in front and the other behind. Vic nosed around the cabin for a time, and being ordered by Raymer to lie down crept between the nuns to the veiled figure in the corner, where two beautiful hands were thrust from beneath the shawl to caress and draw her to a share of the blankets. "Evidently," thought the lieutenant as he witnessed the act, "the sisters are taking some young girl to their school."

Officer, sergeant and priest gathered at the western window, leaving the servant to guard the eastern, where three Indians had appeared among the distant pines, apparently for the purpose of watching that side. The rest of the Navajoes, 24 in all, could be seen on the farther border of the level space which stretched before the west door just out of rifle shot, grouped as if in consultation.

"One thing is very certain, father," said Raymer. "If they cannot approach us, they can keep us here and starve us out. What amount of provision and ammunition have you?"

"Jose and I have a hundred rounds of cartridges, and we have three days' food for five persons, which, on a pinch, can be made to last a week," replied the priest.

"And your housekeeper put in a lunch for the sergeant and me that would keep a couple of shipwrecked mariners quite as long."

"We can pull through a tolerable siege fairly well," observed Sergeant Cunningham, "but these horses will not do as well. There is nothing in the way of forage but the stale straw and pine plumes in these old bunks."

"They will have to fast," said the priest, "until we get away or die. We must not turn them loose to become the property of the Indians."

"No; I should prefer to shoot my horse rather than have him change to such ownership," said Raymer. "I think, however," he added, "it will not come to that. My men at Jemez will reach camp day after tomorrow and find that the sergeant and I have not arrived. Search for us will at once begin, and as we were known to take the cut off they will come this way. We are sure of being rescued within four days."

"We have food enough to last that time, and our animals can manage on the straw, but these copper skinned fellows are going to attack us in the darkness, I fear," said the padre.

"We might keep a fire before each door, sir," suggested the sergeant. "These old bunks could be broken up for fuel."

"I am afraid they would prove of as much advantage to the enemy as to us, sergeant," replied the lieutenant. "I wonder if this flat roof is covered with earth?"

The sergeant went to the wide mouthed chimney, and easily ascending the flues by stepping on the projecting ends of the rough stones of which it was built looked out of the top and reported that the roof was covered with two feet of earth.

"All right, then. We can keep a small blaze going there, which will illuminate the space about us and not confuse our sight, but will confuse that of the enemy."

The men set to work and pulled down all the bunks, breaking the puncheons and posts of which they were made into fragments with large stones taken from the hearth. Then the sergeant once more ascended the chimney, and by direction of the lieutenant pulled down one side of the part projecting above the roof, the side looking in the direction opposite the precipice. This would enable a man standing in the top of the chimney to feed the fire upon the roof without being exposed to the shots of a foe on his right and left, the only points of attack.

These preparations went slowly along, and the October afternoon was entering its last half when Vic arose from her bed by the veiled lady, and approaching the sergeant's canteen sniffed at it.

"Poor little Vicky!" said Cunningham. "Does she want a drink? Well, she shall have one," and borrowing the Mexican's sombrero he placed it on the floor, dented the top into the semblance of a saucer and filled it with water. As the setter lapped it up the lieutenant stood watching her, and making a sudden start he exclaimed:

"Why, sergeant, we need not stay here 24 hours!"

The sergeant, standing erect, looked with smiling intelligence into the face of his officer and replied: "That is so, sir. I wonder we did not think of it before."

"I cannot account for it. Perhaps because she has been asleep with her new friends in the corner, and we were so busy about other matters."

Here Raymer became aware that a sweetly modulated voice was addressing the priest in Spanish, and, listening, heard the young lady interpreting what he and the sergeant had just said in English. So the mysterious maiden beneath the veil must be accomplished!

"You must explain to the rest of us," said Padre Gutierrez, "what you have just discovered. We can see no improvement in our prospects. What has happened?"

"Simply that we have an intelligent messenger to send to camp," replied the lieutenant in Castellano. "Victoriana is a very accomplished doggy"—stooping and fondling her head and ears. "She has had great pains taken with her education and can do many things. Among others she can carry messages. How far is it to the camp, father?"

"Nine miles."

"Then Vic can do it. Sergeant, whittle out a stick which she can carry in her mouth, and I will write a letter. Father Gutierrez, please stand guard at the window."

"Could we not send her back to Jemez, sir?" asked the sergeant. "The distance is much less."

"No; I hardly think I could make her understand our wishes in that direction. There is little doubt but she will go to camp."

Vic, released during the preparation of the message, went back to her couch in the corner, where the two beautiful hands received her into a gentle embrace, and a face bent down and nestled in her silky ears with no intervening veil. One nun remonstrated in an undertone, but the other turned and added other caresses to those of the girl.

"It will not do to send her until after dark," said Raymer, "for the Navajoes might see her and kill her, but we will make our preparations by daylight."

A letter was written upon leaves torn from a notebook and addressed to Sergeant Mulligan at the camp, telling the story of the party's predicament and ordering him to send a detachment to raise the siege. Upon the flat stick prepared by Sergeant Cunningham was written in plain characters, "Examine her collar." It was intended that she should carry the stick in her mouth, as she had always hitherto carried messages and articles, for fear she would not understand she was to go upon an errand unless all the conditions of her education were observed.

During the latter part of the afternoon the Navajoes had withdrawn into the edge of the forest and showed themselves rarely in the opening. Once the rapid strokes of an ax were heard for some time, causing the inmates of the cabin to wonder what was going on. It was by no means unusual for this tribe to fell trees, and the white man's ax found a ready sale at their Indian trader's.

The Navajoes seemed disposed to wait for night before beginning operations, whatever might be their intentions. As dusk began to settle Raymer called Vic to him and attached a note wrapped in his handkerchief to her collar.

"Now, little girl," he said fondly as he knotted the package, "you have a chance to help us out of a bad scrape. You are to go to camp to the sergeant and deliver him this stick," placing the chip in her mouth. Then opening the eastern door, the one by which the party had entered, Raymer pointed to the north and said: "Now, little Vic, take that stick to the sergeant. Go!"

The setter hesitated a moment, looked questioningly into her master's face, turned, and walking across the room dropped the stick at Sergeant Cunningham's feet. The sergeant stooped, and placing his hand under her chin raised her head upward, saying:

"Well, Vicky, there is but one sergeant in all the wide world to you, and he is here, isn't he?"

"That is true. I never sent her to any sergeant but the first sergeant. I'll have to send her to another of her warm friends, perhaps in her estimation her best—the cook. Here, Vic"—placing the chip once more in her mouth—"take this stick to the cook. Go!"

The dog looked from lieutenant to sergeant, walked to the door, looked out and again glanced questioningly at her master.

"Yes, little one, the cook. Go!"

She bounded through the doorway, and the veiled girl in the corner rose and went to the eastern window, where she stood a moment with her veil raised in her right hand and watched the messenger turn the corner of the butte and disappear. The girl remained a few moments gazing into the gathering darkness, then lowered her veil and returned to her seat. Raymer caught no glimpse of her features.

After the departure of Vic food was distributed, and the men stood in the doorways or at the windows eating and watching.

In order to husband the supply of fuel against possible contingencies, the lieutenant put off lighting the fire upon the roof as long as it appeared to be safe to do so. As evening lingered on the borders of night the watchers heard a crushing and grinding sound, as of a heavy wheel rolling over twigs and gravel, but were unable to guess its meaning.

Fearing disaster might follow any further delay to light the fire, the lieutenant told the sergeant to kindle it. Cunningham ascended the chimney, lighted a few splinters of pitch pine and placed them on the roof, and as soon as they were well aflame added to them several billets of wood which Father Gutierrez passed up to him. Soon a blaze was leaping upward, and, strongly reflected by the white sandstone shelf above, lighted the whole space about the cabin.

When the sergeant descended again to the floor, the men made a close observation from the windows. Everything was plainly visible to their eyes, and they felt sure their own movements could not be seen by the Indians. To the east all was silent, and for a long time nothing had been seen of the lurking foe. To the west also the enemy seemed to be absent but for the strange grinding sound which had not ceased since it first began, and which showed the Navajoes were intending mischief. What it could mean and what it could threaten was the serious question.

The lieutenant adjusted his fieldglass and looked across the dead level toward the forest in the direction of the mysterious sound, and on the edge of the wood he saw a big log, about 3 feet in diameter and 30 feet long, rolling slowly in the direction of the cabin, propelled by an unseen force.

Passing the glass to the sergeant, the officer said: "The Indians seem to be rolling a log in this direction. See if you can make out their purpose."

"I think it quite plain, sir," replied the sergeant after a long look. "When we arrived there, our rifle range was clear for 300 yards, and the Indians could not approach without being exposed to our fire for that distance. That log seems to me to be a movable breastwork, which can be rolled up to our very door. There are probably 20 men lying flat on their breasts pushing it, and we cannot harm them."

"You are right, sergeant. Rather a black prospect for us and our Mexican friends if we cannot stop it."

Again the maiden's voice was heard translating the conversation of the two soldiers to Padre Gutierrez and the sisters, and again the lieutenant explained the situation to his companions. The sisters fell at once to telling their beads and muttering tearful prayers, but the priest came forward with his rifle grasped in a firm hand, and taking a long look at the log said:

"Keep up a good heart, my daughters. Something may happen to aid us, and in the meantime we must try to aid ourselves. Senor Raymer, I am a soldier under your orders. Command me."

"Thank you, father. I have no doubt but you will give a good account of yourself should the Indians reach us. You see these blocks and planks leaning against the wall?"

"Yes; they are the stops to the windows and doors, are they not?"

"They are. Should it become necessary for us to quickly close the doors and windows I want you and your man to stop those on the east side, and the sergeant and I will close these. Let us practice closing a few times now."

The practice was held, with good success, and the men gathered again on the western side.

"Do you think we can keep the Indians off until help arrives?" asked the padre.

"Perhaps. We must be ready to take advantage of all possible accidents. The prospect looks dubious, and the enemy outnumbers us, but much may occur before that tree reaches our cabin."

"We will make them pay a good price for our lives in any event."

The lieutenant took the priest by the right hand, and the two men looked into each other's eyes with a confidence and respect begot of the resolute spirit each recognized in the other.

The priest rejoined the sisters, and dropping upon his knees joined them in a prayer for aid. The lieutenant and sergeant bowed reverently in the opposite doorways, and at the close uttered audible amens.

The two soldiers and the priest again gathered at the western door and window and silently and anxiously watched the slowly rolling log as it came more plainly into view. Not a glimpse of the motive power could be obtained, but it ground and crunched its way along with ominous certainty straight toward the cabin.

Raymer turned over in his mind many projects for staying its progress and dismissed them regularly as impracticable. At the rate the log was moving the men could hope for no assistance from the valley in season to save their lives.

Just as the lieutenant had come to this conclusion the log stopped. He looked through his glass and saw the cause.

"Sergeant," he exclaimed, "the log has struck a rock. Draw a bead on the log! Don't let a man jump over it to remove the stone!"

The sergeant stood at the open door, the barrel of his rifle pressed against the right doorpost ready for a movement of the enemy above the tree, which had, in fact, struck the only obstacle lying between its starting place and the cabin. All the efforts of the prostrate men behind it had no effect upon the log except to swing the end farthest from the obstacle slightly ahead.

"There seems to be nothing for them to do but to remove the stone. Keep a sharp eye on the log, sergeant."

Raymer had hardly spoken when a sudden discharge of rifles ran irregularly along the length of the log, and under cover of the fire and smoke a stalwart warrior leaped over, seized the stone and had lifted it nearly to the top when Sergeant Cunningham's rifle spoke sharply.

The stone dropped on the side toward the cabin. The Indian fell forward, with his arms extended toward his friends. A second warrior sprang upward to pull his dead brother over the log, and a ball from the priest's rifle made him topple backward. Hands then drew the first Indian backward without exposing the bodies to which they belonged. The fire of the Navajoes did no harm.

The blaze on the roof was replenished from time to time and the vigilant watch maintained.

For a long time the log remained motionless. At last the sergeant, who was still looking from the doorway, exclaimed:

"Lieutenant, the stone is moving! It's sinking into the ground!"

Raymer at the moment was looking from the eastern window. By the time he joined the sergeant there was no stone to be seen in front of the log.

"It is gone, and here comes the log," he said. "They must have dug underneath with their knives and sunk the stone."

"Yes, sir, and they're safe to move that breastwork up to the cabin door and make an end of us," said Cunningham.

"If there were two or three more stones in the way, sergeant, the delay might serve us until help arrives."

"Let's put them in the way, lieutenant."

"What do you mean?"

"If you and the padre will cover me with your rifles, I'll run out there and drop a couple of big stones in the way."

"All right, sergeant, and when you return I'll drop two more."

Explanations were made to the priest, and preparations were begun to carry out the plan. The sergeant replenished the fire on the roof and then selected from the loose rubbish which had been torn from the top of the chimney two good sized stones.

Removing his shoes, the sergeant, with the assistance of the lieutenant, raised the rocks into the hollow of his elbows, holding them firmly against his breast. The two others stood with their rifles in their hands at window and doorway and revolvers at their feet. At the word the sergeant started out at a rapid walk, setting his feet without noise and going nearly to the moving log. He dropped the stones, one before the other, about three yards part, without attracting the red men's attention, and regained the cabin without a shot being fired on either side.

Now it was the officer's turn. The same preparations were made in his case as in the sergeant's, and he selected stones of nearly the same weight. Feeling that he must not be outdone by his brave comrade, after leaving one stone in line with the other he took the last even nearer than any had been placed. As he was about to drop it a loud yell of warning rang from the east side of the ravine, and an Indian looked over the log and fired his rifle.

The bullet struck the falling rock and sent a shower of stinging splinters into Raymer's face. He turned and fled, his face streaming with blood.

With the discharge of the Indian's weapon the priest and sergeant opened a rapid fusillade with their revolvers and successfully covered the retreat to the cabin. But all saw that they had taken their last chance at obstacle dropping.

Several terribly long hours had crept past since the party had seen Vic's plumy tail turn the butte on her errand to the valley, and judging by the time it had taken the Navajoes to bore a tunnel under their log and undermine the first sergeant's trigging stone it was estimated that two more hours must pass before the next three obstructions could be removed unless the foe took a more speedy method.

It was fully nine miles to camp, and the dog could easily reach there in an hour. If she had arrived, help must be on the way. But if she had been killed by the besiegers before she reached the north end of the butte or had been torn in pieces by the gray wolves!

Should the log once reach the cabin, although no one gave utterance to the thought, all knew that no one would survive the struggle. The men resolved that the price of their lives should be dear to the enemy.

While the defenders stood silently at their posts watching the relentless rolling of the log or its silent waiting while the obstructing stones were being undermined, speculating in no very hopeful vein over these probabilities, there came a scratch at the eastern door. As the men gazed at each other in the dim light reflected down the chimney, startled by the unexpected sound, the scratch was repeated, accompanied by a whine and low bark.

"God bless us, lieutenant, it's Vic come back!" exclaimed the sergeant, springing to the door and opening it.

In walked Vic, and appoaching Raymer she dropped a stick at his feet and began capering about the room, licking the hands and faces of every one. The sisters embraced and fondled her, weeping tears of joy upon her neck, and the young lady uttered musical and endearing expressions in Spanish, for which English has no equivalent. All seemed for the moment to forget that even if help was on the way it could not have come on the fleet feet of this gentle pet.

It was some minutes before the lieutenant secured the setter and quieted her so that her collar could be examined for the expected reply from the valleys. When secured, Raymer climbed half way up the chimney to read it by the roof fire. It was written in the following words:

CAMP AT LOS VALLES GRANDES, Oct.—, 1894.

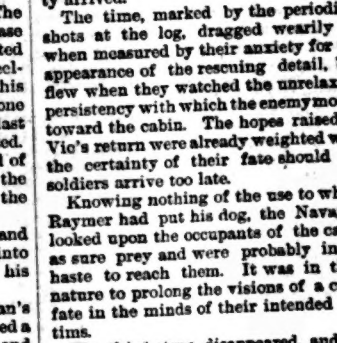
LIEUTENANT—Message received. Corporal Coffey and eight of the best runners in the company leave here at 10:15 p. m.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Sergeant Company F, —th Infantry.

"Come here, little doggie," said Sergeant Cunningham. "If we get out of this hobble, the company shall buy a silver collar for you."

"And I," said a voice in the corner, "will add a medal of honor to be attached to it."

"I wonder who that mysterious maiden in the corner can be?" thought Raymer. "Priest and sisters do not intend I shall know her evidently. If her face



The bullet struck the falling rock.

is as fair as her voice is sweet, she must be beautiful. She speaks English without a flaw, and something in her voice seems familiar. I cannot imagine how such a person as she seems to be can be on the way from Jemez to Pena Blanca."

"If the detail marches at the regulation gait of three miles an hour," observed the lieutenant aloud, "it should be here at a quarter past 1, and it is now a quarter of 12."

"The men will do much better than that, sir," said the sergeant, "if they keep on the road. The trouble will be in sticking to the trail. They have never been this way."

"As the intersection of this trail and the other is not far from here," said Raymer, "we will take a shot at that log once a minute from now on, and the sound may attract our friends."

Firing was begun at once, the rifles being aimed at the under side of the log, where it touched the earth. All felt confident that this would send some gravel into the eyes of the rollers, if it did no other damage.

The second stone dropped by the defenders was undermined and sunk, and the log had paused at the third, less than a hundred yards away. As it came on Sergeant Cunningham, who had gone up the chimney to replenish the fire, said he could see the prostrate bodies of two warriors revealed beyond—good evidence that both his and the padre's shots had proved fatal. If the next two stones should be removed as rapidly as the others, all feared the Indians would reach the cabin before the rescuing party arrived.

The time, marked by the periodical shots at the log, dragged wearily on when measured by their anxiety for the appearance of the rescuing detail, but flew when they watched the unrelaxing persistency with which the enemy moved toward the cabin. The hopes raised by Vic's return were already weighted with the certainty of their fate should the soldiers arrive too late.

Knowing nothing of the use to which Raymer had put his dog, the Navajoes looked upon the occupants of the cabin as sure prey and were probably in no haste to reach them. It was in their nature to prolong the visions of a cruel fate in the minds of their intended victims.

The third stone disappeared, and the log moved with a louder grating over the gravelly soil to the last obstacle, about 30 yards away, and stopped.

"I think, lieutenant," said Cunningham, "I could hit those legs now from the top of the chimney."

"All right, sergeant. Go up and try," replied Raymer. "A redskin with a broken leg can do us as little injury as one with a broken head."

The words were hardly spoken and the sergeant had barely reached the fireplace when, as if anticipating this movement, two figures leaped over the end of the log nearest the perpendicular rock, ran to the corner formed by the cabin and wall, and by the aid of the dovetailed ends of the logs climbed quickly to the roof, the shots of the priest and lieutenant having no effect. Instantly every Indian broke into a warwhoop. From behind the log, from the roof and from the forest to the east of the ravine it came and chilled the blood of the whites.

As if the movement had been previously planned, the two warriors on the roof began at once to throw and sweep the brands and coals of the bonfire down the chimney, where they rolled over the floor, mingling with the scattered straw and pine plumes. A blanket was thrown over the top of the chimney to prevent a draft, and, the besieged having closed doors and windows, the interior was soon filled with stifling smoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Mare's Suicide.

"I owned a mare once that committed suicide," said A. R. Homer. "She had a colt of which she was more than usually fond. One day the colt fell into a ditch and broke its leg. The animal had to be killed, and its mother was inconsolable. She would whimper and call for the colt, and when it failed to come nothing would induce her to eat. For several days all efforts to induce her to partake of food were in vain, and I was afraid that she would starve. One morning I saw her standing by a barrel of water from which she was in the habit of drinking. Her attitude struck me as singular, and going to her I found that she was dead, with her head stuck into the water as far as she could reach. There was no other conclusion possible than that she had deliberately drowned herself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wages and Civilization.

Low wages break down the self respect of the laborer; they extinguish the fires of his hope and ambition, causing him to be indifferent to his mental, social and moral development, and reduce him to the low level of making merely a struggle to keep himself alive. Poverty is an insurmountable obstruction to progress. In this country, where the governing power is in the hands of the laboring classes, such compensation for labor as will cause the man with the ballot in his hands to realize the importance and responsibility of his position and enable him to qualify himself to meet its requirements is an absolute necessity. A blow struck at the wages of the laborer is a menace against the nation's life. Despots, with the aid of great standing armies, may maintain and keep solid their oppressive government, where poverty has extinguished the manhood of the oppressed. But here in our country the common man is the highest authority. He should be a manly, intelligent ruler. He must have a chance to earn and receive the wages that will bring to him the necessary culture.—Exchange.

Helping Their Unemployed.

There is a peculiar feature of self help among the mass of the English working people which is truly astonishing. At the present time they are asking for more legislation on their behalf—for old age pensions, an eight hour law and measures of that kind. But they do not wait until they get the legislation. They do everything in their power to meet their own needs for the emergency. H. Llewellin Smith, the labor commissioner of Great Britain, was telling me how much the trades unions themselves have been able to do for their unemployed members. For example, during the year 1891 upward of 202 of such unions, including over 600,000 members, distributed as unemployed benefit over $1,100,000 among their unemployed members.—Professor Sheldon.

How the Law Is Circumvented.

A dispatch from Port Townsend, Wash., says: The customs and immigration officials here have discovered a scheme whereby it is estimated that 500 pauper Japanese have been admitted this year. The only restriction to immigration is that each applicant for admission shall possess $30. It now develops that when a party of pauper Japanese arrive in Victoria they are met there by agents from this side, who supply each with $30 and a ticket into this country. Upon arriving here the Japanese are taken to the custom house, examined, and as each has the requisite amount the party is passed. Before starting for interior points the money is refunded to the agent, who crosses the line again to wait for another batch.

An Experiment In Co-operation.

Agneta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is the result of an interesting experiment in co-operation. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employees of a great distilling company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation and pays rent for his house. The surplus after expenses are paid comes back to him as dividends. If he wishes to go away or dies, his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.

Strikers Guarded Property.

The following letter was received by a Chicago paper from a clergyman whose charge is in the center of the scene of rioting at Edison during the strike:

Whatever wrongs may have been committed or mistakes made, I am convinced that the strikers did not burn the property of the railroads. The Railway union has an organization 280 strong at Edison and holds its meetings in a hall corner of Fifty-first street and Homan avenue. I have attended several of their meetings and heard their instructions to keep away from the railroad property, only to protect it from marauders.

The evening of July 6, while the fire was consuming the property of the railroads, a meeting of the strikers was called, and arming themselves as best they could they guarded the Grand Trunk shops and Chicago, Boston and Liverpool car works, on whose tracks were at least 2,000 cars, many of them loaded. During the night the hoodlums came from the scene of the fire on a hand car for the purpose, no doubt, of burning the property and were driven back by the strikers. They continued on guard till the troops arrived Saturday evening. Many of them have from time to time offered to protect the companies' property here and are as anxious to see it protected as are any of the officials of the road.

Almost a Tragedy.

He loved her.

He had asked her to marry him.

She had remained silent.

He persuaded and pleaded for an answer.

She refused to reply.

Then he took his hat and started away angrily.

"One word, Mr. de Smoot," she said in tragic tones, "before you go."

He was awed and stopped.

"Well," he responded sulkily, "what is it? Speak quick, for I am going away forever."

"Yes," she murmured, and her mother up stairs thought he wouldn't go away forever.

Such is love in large cities.—Detroit Free Press.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Amazons."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Friends."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe Taber.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Stuart Robson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Dr. Syntax."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"A Country Sport."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—James J. Corbett.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—J. K. Emmet.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

WAR ON THE PEERS.

At a recent meeting of the English cabinet, it was unanimously resolved that first place in the programme of legislation to be considered at the coming session of the parliament, is a resolution for the abolition of the veto of the lords. Rosebery expects that this proposal will pass the house of commons with a majority of forty votes. The cabinet have instructed the party managers throughout Britain to organize a popular agitation at once against the upper chamber, which the present government regard as a relic of the feudal ages. The National Reform Union, whose membership reaches the high standard of half a million of members among the middle classes, and whose motto is: "Government—not by hereditary and unrepresentative legislators, but by the delegates of the people exclusively," has arranged a series of meetings in the principal midland county centers, while the executive committee of the Liberal Federation will carry on the movement against the peers in the north and south of England, as well as in Scotland. All over Britain the various Liberal clubs are entering on this agitation with the utmost enthusiasm.

Salisbury, who has been so intimidated by this forthcoming uprising of the masses against the authority of the gilded chamber, admits that a reconstruction of that establishment is advisable; but the Tory peer shirk the task of formulating a scheme for its reform. The Tory journals of London are discussing several proposals to solve the problem, including one for the appointment of a select committee of the house of peers to consider what changes can be made in that institution which would be found to be acceptable to the masses. Both English political parties recognize that the question of the reform of the upper chamber dwarfs all others in Britain. Should Salisbury not propose a practical plan of reform to Rosebery, the premier is expected to win a majority of seventy members, all would-be abolitionists of the veto at the next general election, in which eventuality the lords must bow to the decision of the overwhelming majority of the English and Scotch people.

Both sections of the Irish party are dissatisfied with the gloomy prospect of a prolonged struggle over the house of peers' problem, postponing all consideration of home rule. The followers of Mr. Redmond are eager to press on the attention of the premier the advisability of passing a resolution, endorsing home rule for Ireland, through the commons. They are determined that home rule must remain in front of all other issues. The McCarthyite committee of the majority of the Irish party have not yet come to any decision on this subject, but it is probable that they will accept the government plan as the only possible road by which to reach the goal. John Dillon's speech at Mullinahone, Tipperary proves the truth of this conjecture. He said that they (the McCarthyites) would be madmen and traitors to the cause if they refused to give all the assistance in their power to help the Radicals of England break the power of the house of lords, which throughout generations has been the bitterest enemy of the Irish people.

It is said that the Liberal chest contains £250,000 ($1,250,000) for the expenses of the forthcoming elections. This sum was subscribed by the wealthy men of the party.

THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

A deputation waited recently on Mr. John Morley at his official residence, the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and requested him to use his influence with his colleagues to induce them to release the Irish political prisoners, Mr. Morley replied that several of his colleagues were opposed to such an action. THE CITIZEN believes that the cabinet ministers referred to so discreetly by the chief secretary of the viceroy are Sir Vernon Harcourt, who in the Land League days denounced the Irish Parliamentary party in a speech replete with the scurrilous language of a man of a coarse nature, and Asquith, the home secretary who while replying in the English house of commons to the demand of the Irish party for release of the political prisoners, still languishing in dungeons, uttered a Carlylean "everlasting 'No.'" "They shall never be released, so long as I hold office under her majesty," he added. These may not have been, perhaps, his exact words; but they are certainly the ideas which he expressed on that occasion.

Mr. Morley is an honest man, and a sincere friend of Ireland. But oh, the pity of it!—he has not that robust strength of will necessary to obtain any object which he may desire. He may be in favor of liberating these incarcerated Irishmen who have already suffered more than justice dictates for the venal sins they might have committed. Some of them were the victims of hireling spies and detectives, who wheedled them into placing dynamite bombs under the archways of English bridges and at the doors of the municipal buildings of English cities. The chief of these detectives was the notorious Red Jim McDermott who waxed wealthy as a traitor, while he was posing as a dynamiter in the taverns of Dublin, and the cafes of Paris.

The Rosebery government is following the same policy as Lord Salisbury and Balfour inaugurated when they were cabinet ministers, in their relations to Ireland. Cruel evictions by police, the menials and lackies of the Liberals(?) home rule administration are still occurring in Ireland. Entire families are pitilessly thrown out on the roadside, and find an ultimate refuge in the workhouses. The Tory government refused to release political captives, but it was sincere, for it hated the Irish race with the malignity of the true-blue Anglo-Saxon temperament in dealing with that people; but members of the Liberal cabinet, who profess to be friends of Ireland, display their hypocritical friendship by consenting to evict Irish farmers and their families from their homes, and refusing the demand of Ireland for the liberty of her imprisoned sons. The late Czar was a gentle tyrant compared with such autocrats as are at the helm of the government ship in England today.

THE RECENT BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

When, sixty-four years ago, Belgium became an independent state and Leopold I. became its king, a national convention of representatives, elected by a limited number of voters, was held in Brussels, at which it was decided that a senate and a chamber of deputies be forthwith established. When the new parliament assembled, a ministry was formed from the leading men of both houses, who were Conservatives, for that party was two-thirds more numerous than the Liberals. In the course of time the Liberals increased in power and in numbers, while, of course, the Conservatives diminished. The Liberals at this time aimed at a larger extension of suffrage. They insisted on the parliament passing a measure of suffrage for the mechanic, the artisan, the miner and the laborer, but the bill was defeated.

A tidal wave of anti-Clericalism swept over two Latin—and one semi-Latin—nations, in or around 1878. These countries were France, Italy and Belgium. The former Liberals in the Belgian parliament became Free-Thinkers. They believed in no revealed religion. They preached hatred of the priests to the people, and when the general election of 1879 took place the anti-Clericals returned a majority of their representatives to both houses of parliament. Frere Orban became premier, and other leading anti-Clericals formed his cabinet. Once in power and having the entire public offices of the country at their disposal, the Orban cabinet forgot their promise to the working classes on the question of universal suffrage, and commenced to expel Catholic priests from their sacristies, and Catholic teachers from their schools, who were replaced by Godless and free-thinking instructors. That government was hurled from power at the next general elections, and the new government was composed exclusively of Catholics. The Liberals diminished in numbers at every succeeding election, till there were only forty in the last chamber.

Owing to the extension of suffrage accorded to the workingmen by the senate and chamber, some seven months ago, the preceding general election was held at which several hundred thousand new votes were recorded. The two salient features of these elections have been the utter destruction of the old Liberal, or anti-Clerical party, and the substitution in its place of the Socialist party, which had no representatives hitherto in parliament. The latter party, strange to say, polled 800,000 votes in that Catholic country. The Liberal leaders have all fallen—thanks to the success of the Socialists whose candidates won the seats of the former. M. Bara, one of the ex-cabinet ministers of the Liberal government, and a hater of priesthood, was rejected by his constituents by a majority of 1,500 votes. Paul Janssen, the Radical chief; M. Buls, the first magistrate of Brussels; M. Graux, ex-Liberal minister, and many more leading anti-Clericals were replaced by Catholics in the capital of Belgium.

The provinces of Liege and Hainault, the mining districts, are gangrened with Socialism. Liege returned 11; Verviers, 4; Soignes, 3; Charlevoi, 8, and Mons, 6 Socialist members of parliament. These districts are inhabited by a hot-headed Wallon race of French extraction. The doctrines of the Socialist leaders, forty of whom are new members of the chambers, are of a most revolting character. The chief of that party, Anseele, who had been elected by 65,000 votes in Liege over his Catholic opponent, exclaimed in a recent speech: "The workman must endeavor to compete with capital, in order to kill it. In order to do this he must get hold of all the resources of state by means of universal suffrage. But so long as there is a priest on Belgian soil universal suffrage itself will be enslaved. You must strike down the priest!"

Though the Catholic members are in a majority of fifty over the Socialists, the Socialistic cancer in the body politic of Belgium will increase at every new election. Leopold's kingdom is in a deplorable condition.

SALISBURY AND CHAMBERLAIN.

It is with extreme reluctance that Swashbuckler Salisbury assents to the new programme of the wily Joe Chamberlain, the object of which provides for old age pensions for workingmen, and for state aid partisans securing dwellings for themselves. Salisbury, though a rabid Tory, is still prudent enough not to oppose Chamberlain; for if he bolted from that Unionist leader, the Tory party would lose the votes of sixty Liberal-Unionist members. Chamberlain was such a Radical twenty years ago that he professed to support the theory of the overthrow of the English throne and the establishment of a republic in its stead. Now he desires to become popular once more with the democracy. The Tory press treat his schemes with suspicion; while the workingmen look on him with scorn. Chamberlain, after betraying Gladstone, and joining the Tories, is a sorry figure enough in the arena of politics, posing once more as a Radical.

THE IRISH CATTLE TRADE.

The department committee, appointed by the board of agriculture to inquire into the transit by water, and the embarkation and landing of animals carried coastwise, have issued a report in which all the results of the inquiry have been revealed to the public. According to official statistics the number of cattle imported into England and Scotland from Ireland last year was 688,669 head, and almost half a million swine. Of these cattle over 263,000 were conveyed to Liverpool. On behalf of that city's butchers, and cattle salesmen, it is alleged that the Irish cattle received at the port are deteriorated in the transit across the channel to the extent of ten shillings each ($2.50) or a total of £131,000 ($655,000) every year. In Glasgow, and all other British ports the Irish cattle lose their value to the same extent. The losses to Ireland are on the whole £250,000 ($1,300,000) annually. To solve this financial problem, and thus have Ireland profit by that large sum of money, the board of agriculture will be authorized to compel the owners of the vessels to limit to a certain extent the number of cattle conveyed to Britain. The board also suggests to them to build other vessels. Hitherto 5 per cent of the cattle died during the voyage for the want of proper treatment. Cases of broken limbs necessitate immediate slaughter. The injuries to these animals are caused by bruises, broken ribs, and other accidents caused by the carelessness of the sailors. Some of the cattle fall down on board ship, and get trampled on; and finally from want of water, fatigue, and bad air cause a fevered condition in them, which spoils the meat. "It is altogether a highly unpleasant record," writes the editor of the Cork *Examiner*, "reflecting little credit on the intelligence, or the humanity of any of the parties concerned. It is probable, however, that after the report of the board, the grosser evils will not be permitted to exist."

The committee of the board of agriculture recommend to the members of that society the following reforms: that inspectors should be appointed to travel in, and inspect the cattle ships, that cattlemen should be employed by the ship-owners, in addition to the ordinary members of the crew, to attend to the wants of the animals, and that drovers at the principal ports of export and import should be licensed by the local authorities.

These are recommendations of very much importance, and if fully and rigidly enforced must materially diminish the sufferings of the unfortunate animals, as well as the great financial losses borne by Irish farmers. A more radical project was started some time ago in Ireland, viz., the slaughtering of the cattle before their embarkation and the preservation of their flesh by layers of ice in the summer, but the company, which carried out this undertaking collapsed after a brief period of existence owing to the small sum of money which was invested in it.

ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN.

The programme arranged by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago in celebration of the twenty-seventh anniversary of the famous Manchester martyrs is one that assures a full house. The memory of the three patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were done to death in an alien land will ever remain green in Irish hearts. The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, our gallant townsman, was well chosen for the oration of the evening. He is in all ways eminently fitted to do the fullest justice possible to the occasion, while there are united with him in the entertainment many artists most favorably known in the musical and literary circles of Chicago. The friends of Ireland free—the sympathisers with their fellow men downtrodden and oppressed—have here another opportunity of honoring the treasured memory of the young Irish patriots who were baptised in their own blood to live in future years as the Manchester martyrs. Following is the programme:

Opening, Organ Solo	Prof. Purcell
Piano Solo	Prof. Purcell
Address, by the chairman	P. H. Keenan
Alto Solo	
Recitation—"The Muster of the North"	John Lane O'Connor
Song (Selected)	Miss McCaffrey
Recitation	Miss Temple
Presentation of Irish Flag to Clan-na-Gael Battalion by staff of the *Irish Republic.*	
Reading of Address	J. O'Connell
Oration of the evening	Hon. M. Kavanagh
Song, "The Memory of the Dead"	R. E. Hardie
Harp Solo	Miss Gavin
Quartette—"Kathleen Mavourneen"	Russell Brothers
Song (Selected)	J. J. Phelan
Quartette, "The Star Spangled Banner"	
Song, "Come Back"	Mr. Murphy
Duet (Soprano and Alto)	
Song (Selected)	George Callaghan
Recitation, "Famine of '47"	Jos. P. Rafferty
Song, "There's Just as Good Men Come From Ireland Today"	John Drummy
"God Save Ireland"	Audience

THE RELICS OF NAPOLEON.

It is evident that magazine writers, and pressmen, are just now expending a large share of their attention to the "Little Corporal." The *Century* commences a new history of the great military leader. The *Sunday Recorder* gives an anecdote of him every week; and a syndicate sends chapters of his military life to the leading newspapers of our cities. Napoleon, or rather his memory, is being glorified in American literary and newspaper publications today more than ever. The officials of the appraiser's department of the New York customs house were very busy last week in examining relics of Napoleon in the Metayer de Guy collection, which has been transported to New York from Paris. This collection of curios is all the more valuable, as it was once the property of Metayer de Guy, an officer of the Imperial Guard, and an intimate friend of Napoleon. That collection was secured by Captain Pelletier of the squadron which brought back the hero's remains from St. Helena to Paris in 1840. He added to it a piece of wood of the coffin of Napoleon, some grasses from the tomb at St. Helena, a few locks of hair cut from the captive's temple, and some wall-paper taken from the room in which he died in Longwood.

The New York *Herald* gives the following account of other mementoes as well as of the letters of Napoleon in this collection: "There is a telescope which is known to have been used by Napoleon during his flight from Elba in 1815. This telescope was subsequently given by the Emperor to Gen. Cambronne, through whom its authenticity is reliably established. One of the glasses of this telescope was, by an unfortunate accident, broken in 1858. Other interesting personal mementoes are Napoleon's epaulette straps and a grand cordon of the Legion of Honor worn by the Emperor, the authenticity of which is exhaustively established by various accompanying documents. There are, by the way, several other well authenticated cordons of the Legion of Honor worn by Napoleon in existence, but this is not surprising in view of the fact that the Emperor was certainly not confined to a single cordon, but probably had an individual one attached to each uniform he wore.

"Of autographs of Napoleon there are a number in the collection, but probably the most interesting of these are attached to a series of four letters, gathered together in one postefenille, each representing a widely different epoch in Napoleon's career. The first of these letters was written by him when a simple commandant of artillery; the second when he was consul, and the third when he was Emperor. The fourth letter is an exceedingly rare and interesting document. It is a letter written by Napoleon in the dark and dreary days of Longwood, when, according to the memoirs of his faithful body-servant, 'ce bon vin Mariana,' constituted almost his only solace and support of his fast yielding strength, and he was seeking to learn the language of the conquerors, who had chained him and his restless spirit to the barren rock in the wastes of the wide Pacific. This letter is an attempt at writing English, and in it the Emperor frankly admits that he finds progress in English both slow and difficult. The chirography of these letters would tend to the inference that the higher a man goes the worse his handwriting gets. Joined to the letters is a sketch of the siege of Acre, traced by Napoleon himself.

"Among the furniture in the collection is a tabouret from the first salon of Napoleon in the Tuilleries, a throne chair from Malmaison, a console from the Palais de Versailles, and two book cases from Trianon. There is also a footstool from Malmaison, authenticated as having belonged to Josephine, and two chairs from the Villa Borghese, Rome, at the time of its occupancy by Princess Pauline Bonaparte. The furniture from the French palaces is authenticated by the French government stamp, which effectually disposes of any question as to its historic accuracy and value.

"An unassuming looking snuffbox in tortaise shell, inlaid with gold stars, has quite an interesting history. It comes from Belime, who was at one time secretary to War Minister Clark. Belime was often sent by General Clark to the Tulleries to receive the orders of the Emperor. One day when Belime called the Emperor was busily dictating to his secretaries, an open snuffbox being on the table before him. As Napoleon turned his back Belime took a pinch of snuff. Thereupon the Emperor, who had seen the action in a mirror, turned briskly and holding out the snuffbox to the greatly abashed secretary, exclaimed, "Keep it; it is too small for both of us." And Napoleon went on with his dictation. After the death of Belime, in 1841, the snuff box passed into the De Guy collection."

There are also a dinner service of the Marquis d'Aguado, consisting of 160 pieces, the original cost of which is said to have been 34,000 francs; a large collection of statues of Napoleon, a miniature of him by Singry, and another of the boy king of Rome, Napoleon's only child, by Isabey. The tapestries in this collection are the most beautiful of their kind, and must have cost half a million francs. There are also the luxuriously elegant divans from Malmaison, and the Trianon, on which once reclined the willowy figures of high-born dames, and Josephine's maids of honor of the Napoleonic court. It is reported that all these valuable relics of a man, who was at one time practically the sovereign of all the kings and emperors on the continent of Europe, will be sold at auction in New York city in the near future.

INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

The three most profitable industries in the old land are dairying, sea-fisheries, and woolen and linen weaving. The success of these commodities promises a new future for the prosperity of Irish industries. The convent industries at Skibbereen, county Cork, and Foxford, county Mayo, which are now under the supervision of the Sisters, will ultimately become self-supporting. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that some day science will discover a method of winning a colossal sum of money out of the millions of Irish peat bogland. But the time is not yet, although it is ridiculously absurd to find cargoes of peat-moss litter from Germany and Holland, landing on the quays of Dublin and Belfast, while more than enough to litter all the horses in Britain, and Ireland is lying ready to be compressed, and shipped from the soil along the Irish canals. Closely allied with this are two important questions of arterial drainage, which with the breaking up of large properties, and the extension of occupying ownership are becoming very urgent in Ireland.

Another industrial project has been started by John H. Parnell, brother of the late lamented Charles Stewart Parnell. Mr. Parnell has conceived the idea of utilizing the wastes of furze which grow all over Ireland by manufacturing out of it canes and umbrella handles. He has started a factory in Cork city, where he employs one hundred men and women whom he instructed in that industry. Thousands of walking canes and umbrella handles are now being imported monthly into that country. Mr. Parnell later on purposes to build factories for the manufacture of these articles in Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, and Kilkenny cities. He expects to give employment to thousands of workingmen in the near future. Mr. Parnell is a practical, as well as enthusiastic benefactor of the land which he loves with all the ardor of a true patriot.

FRANCIS KOSSUTH, the son of the late great patriot, and champion of Hungarian independence, continues his triumphal tour through the Hungarian provinces. He is received everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm. Even the officials of the Hungarian government are among those who do him homage. Maratz Iokai, the most beloved of Maygar poets and novelists, implores the son of Louis Kossuth to imitate his father's virtue and glorious patriotism, which were emblematic of his motto, "Hungary repudiates the authority of the Hapsburg throne. 'Hungary for the Hungarians' is my political gospel!"

THE members of the Royal Irish constabulary are becoming indignant at last with their civilian outlawry. They protest against the legal code to the effect that all the members of the Irish police, from the inspector-in-chief to the mere private are disqualified from voting at parliamentary and all other political or municipal elections. This code became law in the sixth year of the reign of William IV. The proviso is added that Irish ex-policeman enjoying a pension, are also disfranchised. These arch-evictionists of the Irish farmers are now howling for the rights of suffrage. They proclaim in the pages of the Tory press of Ireland that a majority of the force are owners of separate houses, ratepayers, and, forsooth, "respectable" heads of families. These noodles, who perfume their hair with kerosene oil and titivate themselves with civilian costumes of broadcloth while off duty, and in that disguise look like dudes, are a part of England's garrison in Ireland, and as such they have as little right to vote as the soldiers quartered in that country.

AMONG marriages announced for the near future is that of Henry Harrison, of Hollywood House, county Down, and Mary Byrne, the only daughter of John C. Byrne of New York. THE CITIZEN, in offering its respectful congratulations, recalls the fact that the bridegroom to be has peculiar claims on the good wishes of all Irishmen. His great grandfather was one of the victims of '98 who was executed as a rebel, and Mr. Harrison himself was sufficiently patriotic to withstand the corrupting influences of an education completed at "Tory" Oxford, and on the resignation of Mr. Mayne, M. P. for Mid-Tipperary, accepted the nomination. He was returned without opposition as one of the Parnellite members, but in the general election of 1892, although one of the few faithful to his great chief, recognizing the hopelessness of a fight in his constituency, he withdrew, and John F. McCarthy very easily defeated the Parnellite nominee, Mr. M. Conway, by 3,284 votes to 887.

LAST week in Dublin the big rock quarry, Arklow, county Wicklow, and its machinery, the property of the late C. S. Parnell, were sold at auction by orders of the high court of justice in the case of Campbell vs. Parnell. Mr. John H. Parnell became purchaser at £1,200 ($6,000). Is the plaintiff in this case, Mr. Henry Campbell, the private secretary of the late leader of the Irish party?

CASIMIR PERRIER, the president of the French Republic, is not authorized to issue a demand for a national loan. The chamber of deputies is the supreme power in France endowed with such a privilege.

COL. BLATHERSKITE SAUNDERSON, high priest of the order of the Orange Society in Ulster, is on the rampage, bellowing his loyal inanities into the ears of Sandy from the platform of a theater in Glasgow. The opening sentences of this politically bigoted firebrand were, however, as sad and lachrymose as the Lamentations of Jeremias. "If," he sobbed, "Lord Rosebery's plan for the destruction of the house of lords succeed at the next general election it would mean ruin, dear Scotchmen, for us, poor fellows, the loyal sons of Ulster." Returning to his usual cockaloroum and domineering style, the feather-erbed militia colonel observed that the house of lords had rejected home rule with "supreme contempt!" "The majority of these peers, 530, were British patriots (!) while the minority, 30, were dastardly traitors." After indulging in this bunkum he continued: "The Radicals wanted our glorious constitution to be abolished and then to be rebuilt on republican principles by Rosebery, Tim Healy and Dr. Tanner. In chucking out the home rule bill the house of lords knocked the breath out of the Radicals. The German Emperor told me personally that he thoroughly approved of the action of the lords." Of course he did; but, then, the Kaiser is an autocrat, and the colonel is an ass.

CORNELIUS and John Collins, twin brothers, of the county Cork, might justly take their share of credit for the efficiency of the Japanese navy. In the course of an interview with one of these gentlemen by a Cork *Examiner* reporter, he told the latter they were engaged for fifteen years, as instructors in gunnery and nautical maneuvres in the naval school of Tokio, the capital of the Empire and the dockyards of Yokohama. These Irishmen have been decorated by the Mikado with the Order of the Rising Sun in recognition of their services. They have retired from the service; but the great victory won by the Japanese fleet near the mouth of the Yalu river speaks well for the talents of these Celts. In the words of Virgil, the Latin poet, singing of the ubiquity of the Roman race, the children of the Gael are scattered over all parts of the habitable globe.

THE promoters of the Paris World's Fair of 1900 are already at work signing contracts for several of the buildings. The minister of commerce has just opened a prize competiton for the plans and general arrangements of the exposition to be competed for by French architects. The proposed plans may embrace that vast space of ground including the Camp de Mars, the Trocadero, and its surroundings, the Quai d Orsay, the spacious square of the Invalides—under the cupola of which lies the remains of Napoleon in a picturesque mausoleum—and the Champs Elysees. The Paris *Figaro* states that the grounds of the forthcoming World's Fair will be larger than those of Chicago; but Americans who have visited the grounds of the exposition of 1900 know well that they are not as spacious by long odds as those of our city's World's Fair.

THE "FELON'S" GRAVE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

His is no finely sculptured tomb,
As gorgeous as a throne;
He sleeps within the prison gloom,
Beneath a nameless stone
No dew-drops from the starry skies
Weep the departed brave,
Where, in the chill cold ground, it lies—
The Irish "felon's" grave.

No epitaph is penned above
The clay where he doth dwell—
No tender words of hope or love,
No lingering farewell;
But, yet, as long as time shall roll,
In characters of flame,
Upon a nation's grateful soul
Is writ the "felon's" name.

He died not on the open field,
In championing his land;
To God his spirit he did yield
With gyves upon each hand
He gave, to save a struggling race
His manhood in its pride,
And with a smile upon his face
The Irish "felon" died!

More dear to us than Mecca's shrine
To pilgrims of the East,
More sacred than the dome divine
Where Asia hath her priest,
As dear as is a holy grot
Where cedar forests wave,
Is that thrice bless'd and glorious spot,
The Irish "felon's" grave.

AN HISTORIC IRISH MANSION.

The home of the last of the Princes of Offaly in the direct line still bears its ancient name, "Gortnamona." It lies in the centre of a magnificent demesne rising from Lough Pallas, near Tullamore, with its northern boundary skirted by the main road from Frankford to the capital town of the King's county. It is a commodious and substantial mansion, and although quite modern in appearance, it is nearly one hundred years old. On the roof there is a curious stone tablet bearing the inscription: "This house was built by Maurice Nugent O'Conor, heir to the principality of O'Felia." And then follow the lines:

"O'Conors once they ruled the country round,
Their brows with roses and with laurels crowned;
But fickle fortune, while she changeth things,
She took their honors, but she left them kings."

The house is the latest of four dwelling-places, including the ruined castle of Pallas, occupied on this spot by the O'Conor family. Its present owner is his Honor William O'Conor-Morris, Q. C., J.P., county court judge of Roscommon, a descendant in the female line of the princely house of the O'Conors of Offaley. Before the Norman conquest the territory of this sept extended from Kildare to the Shannon, and further back their descent can be traced to Rossa Failge, or Rossa of the Rings, the eldest and favorite son of Cathaor More, King of Leinster and afterwards Monarch of Ireland, whose will is extant, and it recites that he had thirty sons, and to Rossa he bequeathed Leinster. Their burial-place, Killeigh, in Geashill barony, is known to have existed in the year 550, and it is still used by the family. In their long and eventful history they became connected by marriage with many Norman families. One O'Conor Faily was married to "Silken Thomas," and it was this lady, Mary Fitzgerald, who, when Thomas and his five uncles were executed in London, saved the young heir of the Geraldines and preserved the perpetuity of that great family. It was to Gortnamona that Lady Mary secretly conveyed the little noble hostage of fortune, and hidden there in the almost impenetrable wilds he was kept until by the favor of Elizabeth the honors and part of the lands of his family were restored to him. Thus rose for the second time the great house of Kildare.

From a remote and almost forgotten past the O'Conors were always at war, and were generally fortunate. The site of Gortnamona House, the once proud and almost impregnable castle now in ruins, and for miles around inside and outside of the bounds of the demesne are historic spots where battles were fought and won, and often lost. The family records are, in fact, so interwoven with Irish history that to enumerate the one would be to repeat the other. In many places, particularly in the Killeigh direction, large quantities of bones are turned up whenever the earth is disturbed by the making of foundations or drains. Some interesting relics, implements of warfare, and ornaments in stone and bronze have also been found. Coming to later times, Colonel John O'Conor, a lineal descendant of the princes, was M. P. for Philipstown in 1689-90 in Tyrconnell's parliament, and was slain at Aughrim. Maurice, his son, made a fortune at the English bar, and, coming back to the land of his birth, recovered a large portion of the old family possessions. He married a daughter of the third Earl of Fingall. His successor was his son John, who was the father of the Maurice Nugent O'Conor. This gentleman married Maria, daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, of Marble Hall, one of four accomplished and beautiful sisters, the other three being the Countess of Clanricarde, Viscountess Strangford and Lady Tichborne. Maurice was a man of wonderful political and social influence, took a conspicuous part in county elections, and until shortly before his death, in 1818, was an unflinching and eloquent advocate of Catholic Emancipation. He left a daughter, Elizabeth, the mother of the present county court judge. This well-known lawyer is seen at his best in his ancestral home. He finds it a delightful retreat from the worry of the county court and its attendant anxiety, and makes the most of his brief respites from legal work in the intervals between the sessions. Still in the prime of life, he preserves all the buoyancy and vivacity of earlier days, and is as genial and kindly-hearted as his ancestors were chivalrous and brave. A generous contributor to local charities, irrespective of creed considerations he spends his fairly ample means at home.—*Irish Daily Independent.*

DEATH OF RUBINSTEIN.

The Distinguished Pianist and Composer Passes Away at Peterbof, Russia—Heart Disease the Cause.

A St. Petersburg dispatch of the 20th inst. says: "Anton Gregor Rubinstein, the celebrated Russian pianist and composer, died today of heart disease at Peterbof, near this city. Rubinstein was born at Welchwotynetz, on the frontier of Roumania, Nov. 30, 1830. As a child he was taken to Moscow and studied the piano under Alexis Villoing His first appearance in public was made when he was only 8 years of age. At 10 years of age Rubinstein went with his teacher to Paris, where he remained two years, his performance at several concerts winning for him the advice and encouragement of Liszt. Rubinstein next visited England, Sweden and Germany, and in Berlin he studied composition under Dehn. Having completed his course of instruction Rubinstein devoted himself for some time to teaching in Berlin and later to teaching in Vienna. He returned to Russia later on and was appointed pianist to the Grand Duchess Helena. Subsequently he became director of the musical concerts of the Russian Musical Society. In 1872-3 he visited the United States.

"Among the dead composer's operas are 'Dimitri Donskoi,' 'Les Chasseurs Siberiens,' 'Tom Le Fou,' 'Les Enfants des Bruicers,' 'Lalla Rookh,' 'Nero" and 'Ivan Kalashorikoff.' The jubilee of Rubinstein's public service was celebrated in St. Petersburg on Nov. 18, 1889. Since 1867 Rubinstein has held no office, spending his time in traveling and in composing. In 1869 Alexander II ennobled the composer and in 1877 France decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor."

GAELIC POETRY.

"Sdaraidh na Lub."

Ag so sios órán beag a fuair mé i lámh-sgribhinn bhi liom as Eirinn. Ni'l fhios agam cia rinne é, no fáth a dheunta no aon nidh elle d'á thaoibh, acht ó thária gur "casadh san deanamh" é cuirtéar i g-clódh é, agus b'fhéidir go bh-fuighfidh a sgeul ó dhuine éigin a léighfeas 'san g CATHRIONNTHEOM é. C.

A sdaraidh na lúb, is tú a liathaigh mo cheann.
Is duibhe do chúl no cámhach na b'i-fiadhach air crann
Is glaise do shúl no'n drdcht air Shliabh na m-Beann,
'S dá d-téidhinn-se faoi'n dán is tú bhéidhinn isgraigh ann.

Bheirim-se mo mhallacht do eallach 's do mhaoin an t-saoghail,
'S da na h-óig-fhir abuidh nach n-glacann na mná gan spré;
Andis a n-abraim is mairg a bhidheann gan é,
'S is claoidhte an galar ag ar sheachain mo chaoifeach mé.

Acht a d-tigidh an Nodlaig, feicfead do sgáile ag tigheacht,
Ag an t-é nár chodlaidh i n-deire no i d-tús na h-oidhch',
Go d-tínig an solus go follus tridh lár an tighe,
'S nach mé rinne an codladh is dona d'á n-deárnadh riamh.

You Deserve a Good Shaking,

And chills and fever will give it if you don't take defensive measures to escape the periodic scourge in a region where it is prevalent. The best safeguard and remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is free from any objections applicable to quinine, and is infinitely more effectual. Wherever on this continent and in the tropics malarial complaints are most virulent and general, the Bitters is the recognized specific and preventive. It does not mitigate, but eradicates chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake. For rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, for constipation, biliousness and nerve inquietude it is of the greatest efficacy, and the unsolicited testimony in its behalf of eminent medical men leave no reasonable doubt that it is one of the most reliable family medicines in existence. Use it continually, and not by fits and starts.

Victoria's Family Name.

If Queen Victoria had occasion to use a family name, we believe it would be Wettin, so far as it would be anything. She was a Guelph of Welf by birth and married Albert von Wettin, or Wettin, if she followed the ordinary rule. But continental royal families seldom if ever have any surnames. The British and Scotch royal families—the old one—are exceptions. Thus the old royal house of France was "of Bourbon," "of Orleans." The kings of Prussia belong to the family "of Hohenzollern." Not one of these princes is called Louis Bourbon, Louis Orleans, William Hohenzollern. The British royal house is British only because it lives and rules in Great Britain. It is wholly German in ancestry for nearly 300 years, and follows continental customs. All real British royal houses had surnames.—*New York Sun.*

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Edwin Milton Royle's splendid New York company in his new and very successful comedy-drama, "Friends," is next week's attraction at the Schiller, commencing Sunday evening, Nov. 25. In "Friends" Royle has proved that he is not only a signally clever author, but as the interpreter of its principal character, he has won universal praise and within an extraordinary short time has gained a wide and lasting prestige as a forcible and accomplished actor. "Friends" will be very welcome in Chicago, where it will undoubtedly score another gratifying success to add to its long list of popular triumphs. It will be put upon the Schiller stage most completely with exceptionally good scenic illustration and stage accessory. The strong cast which made the play so delightful last year is retained, and Royle, the accomplished Selina Fetter-Royle, Lucius Henderson, the actor and brilliant concert pianist, Harry Allen and E. D. Lyons, who have made the leading characters of "Friends" renowned, will be again seen here in this charming and interesting comedy.

The favorite actress, Marie Wainwright, with her admirable company will succeed "Friends" at the Schiller, producing for the first time in Chicago the new society drama, "Daughters of Eve," written for her by A. F. Lancaster and Julian Magnus. The play has been well received in other cities. Miss Wainwright appearing in the dual role of Rose Wycherly and Rhoda Baintry. "Daughters of Eve" will be handsomely staged. The supporting company includes Mr. Hartwig, Cecil Magnus, Estelle Dale and Jeannette Norton.

T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P.

Will Lecture at Central Music Hall Saturday Evening, Dec. 1.

All who appreciate a rich and racy study of an Irish poet and newspaper man in politics, will be interested in the appearance on the lecture platform of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., ex-Mayor of Dublin.

Mr. Sullivan, who lectures at Central Music Hall on Dec. 1, is a hoary veteran of the army of Irish politicians that have been so long battling for popular rights in their country. He has been many years in the thick of the struggle for better land laws, and for home rule in Ireland. He has owned and edited papers published in the national cause, has figured prominently in the councils of the Land League and the National league, has addressed public meetings innumerable throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and America; has written songs and sung them, has been singled out for political prosecution on account of his activity, has been arrested and thrown in prison. And now, after a long and lively career as an Irish political leader, he comes upon the stage with his garnered crop of experience and reminiscence, to exhibit the mingled fun and pathos of the fight in which he has been engaged, and to let his Celtic humor play upon many an amusing incident of the struggle.

T. D. Sullivan has been called the "Grand Old Man of Irish politics." He was born in the county of Cork sixty-seven years ago, but he carries under



his white hair a bright brain and a genial face. He is a veteran poet of the people. His songs and ballads have made his name a household word not only in Ireland but in every Irish-American home. For several decades he has been spinning his ditties. The Federal army sang, along the Potomac, his

Dear old Ireland,
Brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And the Confederates caught up and joined in the chorus. The Fenians have sung his songs; the Land Leaguers and National Leaguers have sung them; he has sung them himself—and he does so still—in a way to give them their best and most enjoyable interpretation. It is a rich treat to hear him sing of that misled but repentant land grabber, "Murty Hynes," of Galway:

"The place this Murty lived in was convenient to Loughrea;
The man was good and dacent, but he was led astray."

This and other similar songs of his, dealing with phases of the land agitation, ran like wildfire over Ireland during the fight against rack rents and evictions. The initials "T.D.S." were the hall-mark of their merit. During the progress of a "land meeting" it was usual to hear a lungy rustic singer break out with—

"Farmers one and all,
From hill and vale and heather,
Hear your country's call,
Band yourselves together;
Standing firm and strong
In fearless combination,
You'll have your rents ere long
At Griffith's valuation."

And then a volume of hearty voices would split the welkin:

"That's the word to say
To end their confiscation—
Devil a cent we'll pay
But Griffith's valuation!"

These songs served wonderfully to keep up the spirit and enthusiasm of the people. Bad landlords and land agents, landgrabbers, savage police and "emergencymen," and Dublin Castle myrmidons generally came under the poetic lash of Mr. Sullivan. He rhymed rack-rents out of the country. He fought manfully with tongue and pen against coercion and oppression, launching Juvenalian shafts where they were most invited and dealing robust blows at governmental hacks and time-servers. Here is a specimen of how he handled them:

I heard an old West Briton a few days ago
Saying, "Now our gallant awmy into Egypt has to go,
Let us wish them lots of glory and of victory;"
But an Irish echo answered, "They may go be d——
They may go be d——
Very speedilie,
Precisely," said the echo, "they may go be d——"

And then a Castle placeman I heard exclaim
That this Irish agitation was a sin and a shame,
For it vexed our noble viceroy to a high degree;
And the echo promptly answered, "He may go be d——
He may go be d——
Tell him that from me,
Himself and court and flunkeys may all go be d——."

Then I thought to have a word and so my voice I rose,
Saying, "God protect dear Ireland from her hateful foes!
Whate'er their rank and station or where'r they be,
My word to one and all is, They may go be d——
They may go be d——
Very speedilie;"
And the Irish echo answered, "Right you are, T. D!"

At length, the government having passed a law gagging the Irish national press, Secretary Balfour put Mr. Sullivan in Tullamore jail for publishing in his newspaper reports of suppressed branches of the Irish National League.

Mr. Sullivan was for some time editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Nation*, in which position he succeeded his brother, the late A. M. Sullivan, who was a gifted writer and orator. He was a member of the Dublin corporation for several years and was mayor of Dublin in 1886 and '87. He has been for fourteen years a member of the British house of commons, in which he now represents the constituency of West Donegal.

The subject of his lecture will be "Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life." The lecturer will be introduced by the Hon. Thomas A. Moran.

DREAMS.

BY M. M. O'MALLEY.

I dream of a verdant land—
Of a beautiful land to me—
Of the flashing streams,
Of the golden beams,
And the glory of lake and sea.

I dream of the mountains blue,
When the eventide's mellow glow
In beauty fades
And sombre shades
Steal over the lakes below.

In the dusk of those purple eyes,
By the shimmer of moon and star,
I lift mine eyes
To those alien skies,
And I dream of that land afar.

I sigh for that happy home—
Oh! I sigh for the dear old place;
But my heart would break,
And my soul would ache
Did I think of one sweet fair face.

Think of one sweet, shy face
That smiled in the long ago,
When the golden gleams
Of a wild youth's dreams,
Tinged life with an ideal glow.

But, alas! for my golden hopes,
And, alas! for my dreams of pride,
That sweet, shy face
Has a resting place
In a grave on the green hillside.

How Soldiers Feel in Battle.

The question most frequently asked of a soldier is, "How does a man feel in battle?" There is a belief among some who have never indulged in the pastime of setting themselve up as targets to be shot at there is a delicious sort of exhilaration experienced in battle, which arouses a romantic enthusiasm, surfeits the mind with delightful sensations, makes one yearn for a life-time of fighting, and feel that peace is a pusillanimous sort of thing at best. Others suppose, on the contrary, that one's knees rattle like a Spanish ballarina's castanets and that one's mind dwells upon little else than the most approved means of running away. A happy mean between these two extremes would doubtless define the condition of the average man when he finds that as a soldier he is compelled to devote himself to stopping bullets as well as directing them. He stands his ground and faces the dangers into which his profession leads him under a sense of duty and a regard for his self-respect, but often feels that the sooner the firing ceases the better it would accord with his notion of the general fitness of things, and that if the enemy is going to fall back, the present moment would be as good a time as any at which to begin such a highly judicious and commendable movement.—*Ex.*

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore it requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

AN option on 800 acres of land near Wheatfield, Mich., has been secured by the Wolverine Co-operative Association of Michigan, for the purpose of starting a town on the Bellamy plan.

Largest Bible in the World.

The largest bible in the world is in the Vatican. It is a manuscript bible, and written in Hebrew. The book weighs 320 pounds, and there is a history connected with it. Some Italian Jews obtained a view of the precious volume, and told their co-religionists in Venice of it. The consequence was that a syndicate of Venetian Jews endeavored to purchase it, offering the Pope the weight of the book in gold as the price. Pope Julius II., however, refused the offer.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

BY special invitation the members of the Gaelic class that held its meetings at St. Patrick's Academy visited the City Hall Gaelic class, last Sunday afternoon, and on motion, with only one dissenting voice, it was voted to have both classes unite henceforth, with headquarters at Room 35, City Hall; therefore the school at St. Patrick's Academy will be discontinued for the present.

Cures Indigestion.

Mrs. E. W. Rose, Grand Crossing, Ill., writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a great amount of good. I have suffered from indigestion and stomach trouble, and from the very first dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt its merit.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Dublin *Gazette* announces that the lord lieutenant has appointed Mr. Gerald Griffin to be a resident magistrate for the county of Antrim, and Mr. Wm. Orr to be a resident magistrate for the county of Waterford.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

What $16.00 Will Do.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. Buskirk, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 505 Western Union building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS,
87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. William Kirby, Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, vs. Johanna Fitzgibbons and Thomas F. Fitzgibbons, Edward J. Fitzgibbons, Julia M. Fitzgibbons, Johanna Fitzgibbons, John R. Fitzgibbons and Morris Fitzgibbons, minors, Charles L. Schaar, individually and as Trustee, Franz Koch and Charles L. Schaar, composing the firm of Schaar, Koch & Company. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitle cause, on the 21st day of November A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, Robert Fitzgibbons had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate (or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of said decedent), situated in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighty-five (85) and Eighty-six (86) in Brown's Addition to the City of Chicago, said Lot Eighty-six (86) above mentioned will be sold subject to a Trust Deed dated July 21, 1890, given by said Robert Fitzgibbons and Johanna Fitzgibbons, his wife, to Charles L. Schaar, Trustee, to secure his note of even date with said Trust Deed, for the sum of $300, and subject also to the Dower rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Said Lot Eighty-five (85) above described will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of Deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 22, 1894.

WILLIAM KIRBY,
Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

SATURDAY EVE. DEC. 1.

THE ONLY APPEARANCE

TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN, M. P.,

EX-LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN IRISH POLITICA LIFE.

He will tell a plain story which will interest every Irishman, every descendant of an Irishman, and all lovers of Liberty of whatever race.

Reserved Seats 50c, 75c and $1, at box office.

ST. NICHOLAS
FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. IN 1895.

The greatest year in the history of this magazine, now without a rival in its field, is the one just closing. Plans for the coming year assure even greater success than in the past.

RUDYARD KIPLING

wrote his famous "Jungle Stories" for ST. NICHOLAS, and it is a welcome announcement that these will be continued in 1895.

NAPOLEON
FOR YOUNG READERS.

While THE CENTURY will have for its leading feature the new life of the French Emperor by Prof. Sloane, one of the most popular of ST. NICHOLAS writers takes the same character for his inspiration.

A Boy of the First Empire,

By Elbridge S. Brooks,

is the story of a little lad from the streets of Paris (but of good family), who renders a service to Napoleon, and becomes one of his pages and finally an aide. He is with him at the most critical times of his life,—at the departure for Elba, in the glories of the life at Fontainebleau, and finally at Waterloo. The story glows with pageantry, and is a truthful and accurate account, based upon the best authorities and verified by the latest information, of the life of "the man of destiny." It is really a delightful story-history of Napoleon.

WEST POINT
AND MAN-OF-WAR LIFE

will receive attention, Lieut. Putnam writing of cadet life at the military academy, while Ensign Ellicott, of the flag-ship "Chicago," will describe the experiences of our hardy seamen on the modern ships of war.

INSPIRING TALES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT will write a series to be called "HERO-TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY," recounting famous deeds of heroism about which young people ought to know. Prof. BRANDER MATTHEWS will include in his entertaining papers on "THE GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS" accounts of the lives of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Poe and Lowell. STORIES OF FAMOUS HORSES in history and mythology—Bucephalus, Napoleon's and Sheridan's horses, etc.—will be told by James Baldwin, author of "STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS." CITY FIRE DEPARTMENTS will be treated, and there will be two or three papers on THE BOYS' BRIGADE. THE SERIAL STORIES are many. One called "CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP" recounts the marvelous adventures of a modern boy who became the accidental purchaser of Aladdin's lamp and summoned the jinn while cleaning it. A delightful story of college girls, "THE THREE FRESHMEN," will appeal to every girl; and "TEDDY AND CARROTS," James Otis' serial of newsboy life, will be read by every boy. A serial story by FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR is one of the features.

THE PRICE of ST. NICHOLAS is 25 cents a number or $3.00 a year. New subscriptions should begin with November, the first issue of the year. Subscribe through dealers, or remit by check, draft, or money-order to

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A WISE FARMER.

There is a farmer who is 77
Enough to take his ee,
And study nature with his ii
And thinks of what he cc.
He hears the chatter of the ii
As they each other 't.
And sees that when a tree dik
It makes a home for bb.
A yoke of oxen he wil uu
With many haws and gg.
And their mistakes he will xqq
When plowing for his pp.
He litt buys, but much he sells,
And herefore little oo.
And w on he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.
—Macon Telegraph.

KARMA.

Pandu, a wealthy jeweler of the Brahman caste, was traveling with a servant in a carriage on some lucrative business to Varanasi, and overtaking on his way a monk of venerable appearance who was walking in the same direction he thought to himself: "This shramana looks noble and saintly. Companionship with good men brings luck. Should he also be going to Varanasi I will invite him to ride with me in my carriage."

Having saluted the shramana, he told him whither he was driving and at what inn he intended to stay in Varanasi. Learning that the shramana, whose name was Narada, also was traveling to Varanasi, he asked him to accept a seat in his carriage.

"I am obliged to you for your kindness," said the shramana to the Brahman, "for I am quite worn out by the long journey. Having no possessions in this world, I cannot repay you in money, but it may happen that I can reward you with some spiritual treasure out of the wealth of the information I have received while following Shakyamuni, the blessed one, the great Buddha, the teacher of mankind."

Both traveled together in the carriage, and Pandu listened with pleasure to the instructive discourse of Narada. After an hour's journey they came to a place where the road had become almost impassable by a washout caused by a recent rain, and a farmer's cart with a broken wheel prevented farther progress. Devala, the owner of the cart, was on his way to Varanasi to sell his rice and was anxious to reach the town before the dawn of the next morning. If he was delayed a day or two longer, the rice merchants might have left town or bought all the stock they needed.

When the jeweler saw that he could not proceed on his way unless the farmer's cart was removed, he began to grow angry and ordered Mahaduta, his slave, to push the cart aside so that his carriage could pass by. The farmer remonstrated, because, it being so near the slope of the road, it would imperil his cargo, but the Brahman would not listen to the farmer and bade his servant overturn the rice cart and push it aside. Mahaduta, an unusually strong man, who seemed to take delight in the injury of others, obeyed before the shramana could interfere. When Pandu was about to continue his travel, the shramana jumped out of the carriage and said:

"Excuse me, sir, for leaving you here. I am under obligations for your kindness in giving me an hour's ride in your carriage. I was tired when you picked me up on the road, but now, thanks to your courtesy, I am rested, and recognizing in this farmer an incarnation of one of your ancestors I cannot repay your kindness better than by assisting him in his troubles."

The Brahman looked at the shramana in amazement. "That farmer, you say, is an incarnation of one of my ancestors? That is impossible."

"I know," replied the shramana, "that you are not aware of the numerous important relations which tie your fate to that of the farmer. But the blind man cannot be expected to see, so I regret that you do harm to yourself, and I shall try to protect you against the wounds which you are about to inflict upon yourself."

The wealthy merchant was not accustomed to be reprimanded, and feeling that the words of the shramana, although uttered with great kindness, contained a stinging reproach bade his servant drive on without further delay.

The shramana saluted Devala, the farmer, and began to help him repair his cart and load up the rice, part of which had been thrown out. The work proceeded quickly, and Devala thought: "This shramana must be a holy man. Invisible devas seem to assist him. I will ask him how I deserved the ill treatment at the hands of the proud Brahman." And he said:

"Venerable sir, can you tell me why I suffer an injustice from a man to whom I have never done any harm?"

And the shramana said:

"My dear friend, you do not suffer an injustice, but only receive in your present state the same treatment which you visited upon the jeweler in a former life, and if I am not mistaken in reading the thought of your mind I should say that you would, even today, have done the same thing unto the jeweler if he had been in your place and if you had such a strong slave at your command as he has, able to deal with you at his pleasure."

The farmer confessed that if he had had the power he would have felt little compunction in treating another man who happened to impede his way as he had been treated by the Brahman, but thinking of the retribution attendant upon unkind deeds he resolved to be more considerate in the future with his fellow beings.

The rice was loaded, and both traveled on to Varanasi, when all of a sudden the horse jumped aside. "A snake, a snake!" shouted the farmer. But the shramana looked closely at the object at which the horse shuddered, jumped out of the cart and saw that it was a purse full of gold, and the idea struck him:

"No one else but the wealthy jeweler can have lost this purse."

He took the purse, and handing it to the farmer said:

"Take this purse, and when you come to Varanasi drive up to the inn which I shall point out to you, ask for Pandu, the Brahman, and deliver the purse.

"He will excuse himself for the rudeness with which he treated you, but tell him that you have forgiven him and wish him success in all his undertakings, for, let me tell you, the more successful he is the better you will prosper. Your fate depends in many respects upon his fate. Should the jeweler demand any explanation send him to the vihara, where he shall find me ready to assist him with advice in case he may feel the need of it."

Pandu in the meantime arrived at Varanasi and met Mallika, his business friend, a rich banker.

"I am a ruined man," said Mallika, "and can do no business with you unless I can buy a cart of the best rice for the king's table. There is a rival banker in Varanasi, who, learning that I had made a contract with the royal treasurer to deliver the rice tomorrow morning and being desirous to bring about my destruction, has bought up all the rice in Varanasi. The royal treasurer must have received a bribe, for he will not release me from my contract, and tomorrow I shall be a ruined man unless Kirshna will send an angel from heaven to help me."

While Mallika was lamenting the poverty to which his rival would reduce him Pandu missed his purse. Searching his carriage without being able to find it, he suspected his slave Mahaduta, and calling the police accused him of theft and had him bound and cruelly tortured to extort confession. The slave in his agonies cried: "I am innocent. Let me go, for I cannot stand this pain. I am quite innocent at least of this crime and suffer now for other sins. Oh, that I could beg the farmer's pardon whom for the sake of my master I wronged without any cause! This torture, I believe, is a punishment for my rudeness."

While the police officer was still applying the lash to the back of the slave the farmer arrived at the inn, and to the great astonishment of all concerned delivered the purse. The slave was at once released from the hands of his torturer. But being dissatisfied with his master he secretly left and joined a band of robbers in the mountains, who made him their chief on account of his great strength and courage.

When Mallika heard that the farmer had the best rice to sell, fit for delivery to the royal table, he bought at once the whole cartload for treble the price that the farmer had ever received, and Pandu, glad at heart to have his money returned, hastened at once to the vihara to receive further explanations from Narada, the shramana.

Narada said: "I might give thee an explanation, but knowing that thou art unable to understand a spiritual truth I prefer to remain silent. However, I shall give thee some advice: Treat every man whom thou meetest as thy own self; serve him as thou wouldst demand to be served thyself, for thus thou shalt sow a sowing of good deeds, the rich harvest of which thou will not fail to reap."

"Give me, O shramana, the explanation," said the jeweler, "and I shall thereby be better able to follow your advice."

The shramana said: "Listen then. I will give you the key to the mystery. If you do not understand it, have faith in what I say. Self is an illusion, and he whose mind is bent upon following self follows an ignis fatuus which leads him into the quagmire of sin. The illusion of self is the veil of Maya that blinds your eyes and prevents you from recognizing the close relations that obtain between yourself and your fellows and from tracing the identity of yourself in the souls of other beings. Ignorance is the source of sin. There are few who know the truth. Let this motto be your talisman:

" 'He who hurts others injures himself.

" 'He who helps others advances his own interests.

" 'Let the delusion of self disappear from your mind, and you will naturally walk in the path of truth.

" 'To him whose vision is dimmed by the veil of Maya the spiritual world appears to be cut up into innumerable selves. Thus he will be puzzled in many ways concerning the transmigration of soul life and will be incapable of understanding the import of an all comprehensive kindness toward all living beings.' "

The jeweler replied: "Your words, O venerable sir, have a deep significance, and I shall bear them in mind. I extended a small kindness which caused me no expense whatever to a poor shramana on my way to Varanasi, and, lo, how propitious has been the result! I am deeply in your debt, for without you I should not only have lost my purse, but would have been prevented from doing business in Varanasi which greatly increased my wealth, while if it had been left undone it might have reduced me to a state of wretched poverty. In addition, your thoughtfulness and the arrival of the farmer's rice cart preserved the prosperity of my friend Mallika, the banker. If all men saw the truth of your maxims, how much better the world would be; how greatly evils would be lessened and public welfare enhanced! As I am anxious to let the truth of Buddha be understood, I shall found a vihara at my native place, Kaushambi, and invite you to visit me, so that I may dedicate the place to the brotherhood of Buddha's disciples."

Years passed on, and Pandu's vihara at Kaushambi became a place in which wise shramanas used to stay, and it was renowned as a center of enlightenment for the people of the town.

At that time the king of a neighboring country had heard of the beauty of Pandu's jewelry, and he sent his treasurer to order a royal diadem wrought in pure gold and set with the most precious stones in India.

When Pandu had finished the work, he started for the residence of the king, and as he expected to transact other profitable business took with him a great store of goldpieces. The caravan carrying his goods was protected by a strong escort of armed men, but when they reached the mountains they were attacked by a band of robbers led by Mahaduta, who beat them and took away all the jewelry and the gold, and Pandu escaped with great difficulty. This misfortune was a blow to Pandu's prosperity, and as he suffered some other severe losses his wealth was much reduced.

Pandu was much distressed, but he bore his misfortunes without complaint, thinking to himself: "I have deserved these losses for the sins committed in my past existence. In my younger years I was very hard on other people. When now I reap the harvest of my evil deeds, I have no cause for complaint."

As he had grown in kindliness toward all beings, his misfortunes only served to purify his heart, and his chief regret when thinking of his reduced means was that he had become unable to do good and to help his friends in the vihara to spread the truths of religion.

Again years passed on, and it happened that Panthaka, a young shramana and a disciple of Narada, was traveling through the mountains of Kaushambi, and he fell among the robbers in the mountains. As he had nothing in his possession, the robber chief beat him severely and let him go. On the next morning Panthaka, while pursuing his way through the woods, heard a noise as of quarreling and fighting men, and going to the place he saw a number of robbers, all of them in a great rage, and in the midst of them stood Mahaduta, their chief. And the chief was desperately fighting them, like a lion surrounded by hounds, and he slew several of his aggressors with formidable blows, but there were too many against one. At last he succumbed and fell to the ground as if dead, covered with fatal wounds.

As soon as the robbers had left the place the young shramana approached to see whether he could be of any assistance to the wounded men. He found that all the robbers were dead, and there was only a little life left in the chief. He at once went down to the little brooklet which was murmuring near by, fetched fresh water in his bowl and brought it to the dying man. Mahaduta opened his eyes, and gnashing his teeth said:

"Where are those ungrateful dogs whom I have led to victory and success? Without me as their chief they will soon perish like jackals hunted down by skillful hunters."

"Do not think of your comrades, the companions of your sinful life," said Panthaka, "but think of your soul and accept in the last moment the chance of salvation that is offered you. Here is water to drink, and let me dress your wounds. Perhaps I may save your life."

"Alas, alas!" replied Mahaduta, "are you not the man whom I beat but yesterday, and now you come to my assistance to assuage my pain? You bring me fresh water to quench my thrist and try to save my life. It is useless, honorable sir. I am a doomed man. The churls have wounded me unto death, the ungrateful cowards. They have dealt me the blows which I taught them."

"You reap what you have sown," continued the shramana. "Had you taught your comrades acts of kindness you would have received from them acts of kindness, but having taught them the lesson of slaughter it is but your own deed that you are slain by their hands."

"True, very true," said the robber chief. "My fate is well deserved, but how sad is my lot, that I must reap the full, harvest of all my evil deeds in future existence. Advise me, O holy sir, what I can do to lighten the sins of my life, which oppress me like a great rock placed upon my breast, taking away the breath of my lungs."

Said Panthaka: "Root out your sinful desires; destroy all evil passions and fill your soul with kindness toward all your fellow beings."

The robber chief said: "I have done much evil and no good. How can I extricate myself from the net of sorrow which I have woven out of the evil desires of my own heart? My karma will lead me to hell, and I shall never be able to walk on the path of salvation."

Said the shramana: "Indeed your karma will in its future incarnations reap the seeds of evil that you have sown. There is no escape for an evildoer from the consequences of his own actions. But there is no cause for despair. The man who is converted and has rooted out the illusion of self, with all its lusts and sinful desires, will be a source of blessing to himself and others.

"As an illustration I will tell you the story of the great robber Kandara, who died without repentance and was reborn as a demon in hell, where he suffered for his evil deeds the most terrible agonies and pains. He had been in hell several kalpas and was unable to rise out of his wretched condition when Buddha appeared upon earth and attained to the blessed state of enlightenment. At that memorable moment a ray of light fell down into hell, quickening all the demons with life and hope, and the robber Kandata cried aloud: 'O blessed Buddha, have mercy upon me. I suffer greatly, and although I have done evil I am anxious to walk in the noble path of righteousness. But I cannot extricate myself from the net of sorrow. Help me, O Lord; have mercy on me.'

"Now, it is the law of Karma that evil deeds lead to destruction, for absolute evil is so bad that it cannot exist. Absolute evil involves the impossibility of existence. But good deeds lead to life. Thus there is a final end of every deed that is done, but there is no end in the development of good deeds. The least act of goodness bears fruits containing new seeds of goodness, and they continue to grow; they nourish the soul in its weary transmigrations until it reaches the final deliverance from all evil in Nirvana. When Buddha, the lord, heard the prayer of the demon suffering in hell, he sent down a spider on a cobweb, and the spider said, 'Take hold of the web and climb up.' When the spider had again disappeared out of sight, Kandata made great efforts to climb up, and he succeeded. The web was so strong that it held, and he ascended higher and higher. Suddenly he felt the thread trembling and shaking, for behind him other fellow sufferers of his were beginning to climb up. Kandata became frightened. He saw the thinness of the web and observed that it was elastic, for under the weight it stretched out, yet it still seemed strong enough to carry him. Kandata had heretofore only looked up; he now looked down and saw following close upon his heels, also climbing up on the cobweb, a numberless mob of the denizens of hell. How can this thin thread bear the weight of all, he thought to himself, and seized with fear he shouted loudly: 'Let go the cobweb! It is mine!' At once the cobweb broke, and Kandata fell back into hell.

"The illusion of self was still upon Kandata. He did not know the miraculous power of a sincere longing to rise upward and enter the noble path of righteousness. It is thin like a cobweb, but it will carry millions of people, and the more there are that climb it the easier will be the efforts of every one of them. But as soon as in a man's heart the idea arises: 'This is mine. Let the bliss of righteousness be mine alone and let no one else partake of it,' the thread breaks, and you fall back into your old condition of selfhood, for selfhood is damnation, and truth is bliss. What is hell? It is nothing but egotism, and Nirvana is a life of righteousness."

"Let me take hold of a spider web," said the dying robber chief when the shramana had finished his story, "and I shall pull myself up out of the depth of hell."

Mahaduta lay for awhile quiet to collect his thoughts. Then he continued:

"Listen, honorable sir. I will make a confession. I was the servant of Pandu, the jeweler of Kaushambi, but when he unjustly had me tortured I ran away and became a chief of robbers. Some time ago when I heard through my spies that he was passing through the mountains I succeeded in robbing him of a great part of his wealth. Will you now go to him and tell him that I have forgiven him from the bottom of my heart the injury which he has unjustly inflicted upon me and ask him to to pardon me for having robbed him? While I staid with him his heart was as hard as stone, and I learned to imitate the selfishness of his character. I have heard that he has become benevolent and is now pointed out as an example of goodness and justice. I do not wish to remain in his debt. Therefore inform him that I have kept the gold crown which he wrought for the king and all his treasures and have hidden them in a cave near by. There were only two of the robbers under my command who knew of it, and both are now dead. Let Pandu take a number of armed men and come to the place and take back the property of which I have deprived him."

Then Mahaduta described the situation of the cave and died in the arms of Panthaka.

As soon as Panthaka, the young shramana, had reached Kaushambi he went to the jeweler and gave him a full account of his recent adventure in the forest. And Pandu went with an escort of armed men and secured the treasures which the robber chief had concealed in the cave, and they buried the robber chief and his slain comrades with all honors, and Panthaka spoke at the grave, discoursing on the words of Buddha:

"By oneself evil is done; by oneself one suffers.

"By oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified.

"Purity and impurity belong to oneself. No one can purify another.

"You yourself must make an effort. The Buddhas are only preachers.

"Our karma," the shramana said, "is not the work of Ishvara or Brahma or Indra or of any one of the gods. Our karma is the product of our own actions. My action is the womb that bears me. It is the inheritance which devolves upon me. It is the curse of my misdeeds and the blessing of my righteousness. My action is the resource by which alone I can work out my salvation."

Pandu carried all his treasures back to Kaushambi, and using with discretion the wealth thus unexpectedly regained he became richer and more powerful than he had ever been before, and when he was dying at an advanced age he had all his sons and daughters and grandchildren gathered round him and said unto them:

"My dear children, do not blame others for your lack of success. Seek the cause of your ills in yourself. Unless you are blinded by vanity you will find it, and having found it you will see the way out of it. The remedy of your ills, too, lies in yourself. Let never your mental eye be covered by the veil of Maya, and remember the words which have proved a talisman in my life.

"He who hurts others injures himself.

"He who helps others advances his own interests.

"Let the illusion of self disappear.

"And you will naturally walk in the path of truth."—Open Court.

The Grisette Gone or Going.

The grisette was dying out at the beginning of the second empire, but bright examples of her still survived, and it was impossible to look at them without keen appreciation of their strange attractiveness. It must be remembered that the grisette constituted a type, not a class; that she was a grisette because of what she looked like, not because of what she was. She was rather generally well behaved and always hardworking.

She was a shop assistant, a maker of artificial flowers, a seamstress of a hundred sorts, but it was not her occupation that made her a grisette. She became one solely by the clothes she chose to put on and by the allure she chose to give herself.—Blackwood's Magazine.

NEW STAGE TRICKS.

ILLUSIONS INVENTED AND WORKED BY SCENIC ARTISTS.

Modern Thunder Apparatus and Moon and Sun Boxes—Ships That Tack and Seem to Be Drawing Nearer—Rainstorms That Are Easy When You Know How.

Among the new contrivances in stage setting is an arrangement for lighting windows in houses painted on drops. The old way was to cut out the windows from the canvas in the scene and paint them on thin muslin, which was pasted over the holes. Then when darkness came on and the effect of lighted windows in the houses was needed a bunch light was placed behind the drop and shown through the transparent muslin. This, however, had the disadvantage of lighting all the windows in all the houses at once, a happening which obviously would be very unreal. So Mr. Josef Physioc, the scenic artist of the Herald Square theater, got up a contrivance by which shutters, worked with a system of cords, were rigged behind each window. By pulling the cord the shutters in different parts of the scene fell down and allowed the light to shine through. This gives the effect of a street being lit up naturally.

"The wind machine now in use," continued Mr. Physioc, "is made much on the same style of the ordinary windlass, with the exception that the drum, instead of being solid, is made like a water wheel, over which is stretched a strong piece of ribbed silk, which is pulled tight or left loose according to the wished for effect. All that is necessary to get the right noise is to turn a crank, and you can have a gentle zephyr or a gale, as you please."

The rain effect is produced by a machine about the shape of a cheesebox, the sides of which are wood and the face made of wire gauze. A handful of double shot is turned by a crank and the pease kept rattling around.

The more simple and ordinary method of making rain noise, Mr. Physioc explained, was to pour shot on the head of a bass drum, first one way and then the other, with a rotary motion.

"It was only a few years ago," he continued, "that to get these rain effects we used to rub the backs of the scenes with the sandpaper and whistle and moan."

There are several ways of making stage thunder. The newest way is to use a little cart with cog wheels and filled with stones. As this is pushed along, it gives the desired ramble and roar. The most popular way, however, is to rattle a piece of sheet iron, which is hung in the first entrance for that especial purpose in nearly all theaters. Still another way is to roll a cannon ball around the back of the stage and down the dressing room or subcellar stairs. In his operatic productions it used to be customary to build a winding trough for the ball to roll in from the fly gallery down to the stage. Many managers think that the very best grade of thunder can be got from a base drum manipulated by an experienced property man.

Moonrise and sunrise, if done properly, are both difficult effects to produce. They are both worked the same.

"Of course," said Mr. Physioc, "each artist has his own ideas as to the best way to produce the effect. The simple way is, after the scene is painted, to make the spots you wish the moon or sun to rise through. Then take the scene off the paint frame and cut out the parts that are to be transparent. The drop is then turned face down and the transparent material carefully glued over. The scene is put on the frame again, and the transparent parts painted so that the scene is exactly the same as before. When the scene is set and the moon rises, it only shows when passing the transparent parts, giving the effect of rising through clouds.

"The most effective way is to have the drop made of fine bleached muslin. Paint the sunrise on the back and opaque the parts which you do not wish to be transparent. Then turn the scene around, and on the other side paint the effect you want before the sunrise. I used this method in painting the first act scene for 'Rob Roy' with very satisfactory results."

The breaking of dawn is made by turning up the bunch lights behind the drop gradually. For sunrise itself a calcium is turned on.

"Moonboxes" and "sunboxes" are the same. They consist simply of a reflector in a box behind an electric light bulb or a gas jet with a base connection. The box is made to turn in a grooved upright and is raised by a cord running through a pulley at the top.

Perhaps the most complicated of all stage illusions are the water and nautical devices. To represent a ship sailing into a harbor, tacking and constantly growing larger, requires clever stage handling. The ship is painted in three parts—the bow, amidships and the stern. These sections are fastened together about four feet apart with rubber bands. A "grip" works them from behind. The ship is run across the stage from the upper entrance and back again, looking to the audience as though it tacked.—New York Herald.

A Legal Levy.

The book peddler had called at the lawyer's office to sell him a book, and the lawyer very peremptorily didn't want any book. The peddler insisted, and the lawyer continued to decline. At last the lawyer rose in wrath.

"Now, look here," he said emphatically, "I've told you I don't want your book, and I mean what I say. Furthermore, my advice to you is to get out of this promptly, or I'll throw you out."

The peddler was about to make a remark.

"And," interrupted the laweyr, "let me also say that if you hesitate I shall charge you for that advice and levy on your books to satisfy judgment. Now git," and the suppressed peddler got.—Detroit Free Press

"DIXIE."

The Tune Brought Him Close to His Old Kentucky Home.

This story is not new. It is old in point of date, though not in publicity. It is true, however, or at least vouched for as such by a New York man born in the south. And this is the way he told it in Louisville some time ago:

"What year was it that Pat Gilmore's band was playing in Madison Square Garden for the last time? It doesn't matter. It was the year before Gilmore's death anyhow. I ought to remember the date, though, for one of your Louisville boys caused me to remember every incident of a certain night that season. I'll tell you all about it if you like."

The question in the New Yorker's words was drowned in the tone that vociferated his wish to tell the story, and it was called for by a polite chorus.

"I had been to a dinner party and drifted into the Garden because I was lonely and had seen everything at the theaters worth seeing. I didn't pay much attention to the concert, and as I sipped a green mint I became interested in a young man at the table next to mine. I didn't know him then, but I learned afterward that he was a prominent young insurance man of Louisville. He had evidently been seeing the seamy side of New York for some days and had 'held up his end,' as is the custom of Kentuckians. But he had come to the conclusion that he needed a little solitude; had forsaken his friends and found the desired loneliness in the crowded garden. He picked his steps with suspicious care as he came in, but the good form of his appearance was marred only by a wrinkle or two on the linen that formed part of his evening dress. The cause of these wrinkles was apparent when, leaving the glass untasted before him, his head sank and he fell into a much needed sleep. I smiled and thought of other things until toward the close of the programme the band began a medley of national airs. It opened with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' and half a dozen other tunes followed, and then with a brassy crash the band started the air that for all time will start a tingling every drop of blood in the veins of a southern born man. The bowed neck of the sleeping stranger swung straight and his eyes opened. Dazed by his sudden awakening, he looked about him a moment. Then, as the strains of the music swept upon his ear, he sprang to his feet, shot one hand with clinched fist above his head, and in a voice that echoed from side to side of the big building yelled:

" 'Dixie, by G—d!'

"There was an instant of dead silence followed by a shout of laughter and applause. Gilmore looked around, provoked and disconcerted, and for the first time that famous band blundered and the medley continued with little regard for musical accuracy. No lobster a la Newburg was ever redder than that young man from Louisville as he sat in his chair. He wished himself a thousand miles away, but he was too game to run, and when first one and then another employee of the place gathered around him and told him he must leave this conversation followed:

" 'You must get out of here.'

" 'I won't do it.'

" 'You've got to. You've raised a disturbance here, and you'll either get out or be put out.'

" 'I won't go. I'm sorry I made any noise, but it will be bad for the first man that lays hands on me for cheering for Dixie.'

" 'Come! Get out of here.'

"And just then, three tables away, a big dark man arose and came toward the group. From five tables away a little man with blazing eyes was already coming. Five—ten—twenty men were coming from this side and that. I lost count of the number, but in a moment the employees around the young stranger were no longer in an overwhelming majority, and in low, quiet tones in whose coolness lay the bulldog growl I heard:

" 'He'll not go out.'

" 'Not until he's quite ready.'

" 'Leave the gentleman alone and leave him at once!'

"And they left him. And the crowd made Gilmore play that medley three times. And every time 'Dixie' was reached there was a cheer that made the roof ring. And that's all there is to my story except that I am going to look up that young man while I'm here, because he blotted out ten years of New York and brought me mighty close to 'my old Kentucky home' that night."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Red Tape.

It is well to be cautious, but there are times when even caution may be carried to excess. The widow of a German officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing the pension due her.

She presented the usual certificate of the mayor of the village in which she lived, to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not right," said the official in charge severely.

"What is the matter with it?" inquired the poor widow.

"It bears the date of Dec. 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on Dec. 15."

"What kind of a certificate do you wish?" inquired the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on the 15th of December," said the official, with great firmness. "Of what possible use is this one that says you were alive on the 21st of December—six days later?"—Youth's Companion.

Not Thankless.

"Well, Harry, what are you doing nowadays?"

"Writing for the press."

"Thankless sort of work, ain't it?"

"Bless your heart, no. 'Bout every thing I write is returned with thanks."—London Quiver

OPINIONS FROM THE STUDY.

Address by Rev. Dr. E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins University.

Rev. Dr. E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins university delivered an address before the students of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy of the University of Pennsylvania recently on the subject, "Ethical Aspects of the Housing Problem."

Dr. Gould began by showing the relation of the problem of the housing of the poor to the labor question as a whole. He said: "Health, cheerfulness, intelligence and sound moral character are most prominent in the composition of efficient industrial workers. The development of these characteristics is largely determined by living environments. Strong willed, intelligent people create or modify environments; the weaker, the careless and the uneducated are subjects to it. We all know that the masses are not so strong willed, so intelligent or so favorably circumstanced that they can create or even modify environment.

"There are three leading solutions, two of which are now successfully practiced abroad. The first is to give municipalities the power of appropriating property which has become dangerous to health and detrimental to morality; the second, the facilities to proprietorship through the extension of legal facilities, similar to those granted by the Belgian law of 1889. It is not possible for the ordinary workingman, let alone the poor, to acquire house property in large cities because of the dearness of land, but it is almost certain that with a more efficient development of electric transportation the cheaper land in the suburban districts will be brought within his range. The workingman measures his distance by time, not by space, and if, as has been done in Belgium, facilities are afforded whereby the man may become the proprietor of his home in 15, 20 or 25 years at a sum equal to or inferior to the ordinary charges for rent, together with having the protection of life insurance afforded at the same time, a happy and comprehensive solution is offered.

"The third method suggests more careful differentiation of the masses and adopting methods of work applicable to individual classes. Nothing needs to be done for the artisan, but the lazy, the careless, the unfortunate and occasional drunkards are placed on an inclined plane, their character and circumstances giving them a downward tendency. They must be looked after.

"As regards the last division of the social strata—the drunkards, the incorrigibles, the criminals and the immoral and shiftless classes—there is nothing to do except to herd them together in public lodging houses where they can be constantly under supervision, the sexes separated, and children placed in institutions where they may grow up useful members of society."

Chicago Statistics.

It is important that you keep your eye on the industrial situation in order that if possible you may know how the other half of the world lives; hence the value of the statistics afforded by the department of tenements and workshops. Here is the substance of them:

"In 140 establishments the number of hands employed Oct. 1 of this year was 53,455. Before the panic of last year, or during the month of May, the same concerns employed 69,024 hands, while during the months of July and August, 1893, considered as the time when the panic was at its worst, they employed only 38,905."

Building trades are fairly active, and commerce, if not quite at full speed, is still moving, for all of which let us be duly thankful, especially in view of the great number of men, and women, too, who must meet the winter with no surplus for possible want.—Chicago Record.

An Outrage on Honest Labor.

The extensive employment of convict labor in the manufacture of clothing in Sing Sing prison, a further exposure of which appears in The Herald, is a flagrant outrage which offers a direct insult to the honest workingmen of New York. It subjects the labor of upright citizens to demoralizing and unjust competition with the enforced and ill paid labor of the criminal classes. Such competition is humiliating, degrading and a foul reproach to the cause of labor and the fair fame of the state.

The abuses which this foul system has developed are scandalous. They call for reformatory measures of the most rigorous character. The whole system should be abolished. Decency, justice and a fair regard for the dignity of free labor all demand that the accursed institution shall be uprooted and exterminated.—New York Herald.

The Morning Star.

The laborer has wrongs to right, has obstacles to remove. He has not only a right but a duty to seek to correct these wrongs and to remove these obstacles, and he has a right—nay, a duty—to combine with his fellows in this work. I look upon the organization of laborers as the morning star of the new day, the latest and finest product of social evolution. Let them find each other out, discuss their common interests, discover their mutual obligations, study together the perplexing riddle of life. Let them combine. Help them combine. Let those who perhaps through no superior merit of their own have some vantage ground guide them in their combinations.—Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Bakeshop Laws.

The New York council of the Bakers and Confectioners' International union has prepared amendments to the factory law to be submitted to the legislature next year. By these amendments it is proposed to compel boss bakers to keep their shops in a sanitary condition and do away with many evils from which the workmen are suffering at present. To enforce the provisions of the law, if amended, four additional factory inspectors would be required.

Not Enough Food.

Those who do not wish to see the bottom facts of the social question show an inability to get below the surface of the phenomena of want and social discontent that is common and yet remarkable. It is strikingly illustrated by the circulation in Europe, as bearing on its anarchist and socialist agitations, of the assertion that the real trouble lies in the fact that there is not food enough to go around. The logic of this assertion is plainly of the inductive order. It starts with the postulate that whatever is is right. If there were food enough to go around, there should be no hunger. But the hunger is a fact which unfortunately asserts itself in a manner that permits of no dispute. Therefore the trouble must be in a deficiency of food.

Yet the persons who build up this theory to account for poverty and discontent have to shut their eyes to some very prominent facts. If the theory were correct, there should be no want in countries where there is a surplus of food. Yet one of the gigantic factors of the problem of poverty rests on the opposite fact. Ireland has suffered from famine and disorder in the very years when it exported food products. Russia has just passed through a period of famine and exported food products right through it. One of the prominent influences in the world's commerce is the abject and destitute poverty of the masses of India, who send enough wheat to Europe to depress the world's price for wheat to a level that is unremunerative for the comparatively high living farmers of the United States.

The assertion is of the same class as that concerning destitution caused by a superfluity of all staples. The facts disprove themselves. The social trouble is in unequal distribution, barriers to the exchange of products for the benefit of favored classes and the practices by which wealth is engrossed at the cost of the masses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Decline of British Emigration.

The board of trade records an extraordinary decline of emigration in the last eight months. For ten years—since 1884—the number of British born emigrants has been decreasing steadily. At the date named it was 320,119; in 1890, 218,116; 1892, 210,042—this year, so far, 97,588. How is this to be interpreted? The birth rate has shown no corresponding diminution. A few weeks ago we were congratulating ourselves—some of us were at least—upon the increase of marriages. After years of depression the matrimonial market is looking up again. That looks like prosperity. And it now appears that fewer inhabitants of these islands are tempted to seek a home somewhere. That again looks like prosperity. Yet in every trade we hear of evil times, of lowered wages, with consequent strikes and disputes. One might have expected to see a rush of farmers and laborers, growing year by year, since 1884. But the event seems to be quite otherwise. Certainly the English emigrants make a vastly greater proportion of the total number than formerly. They are not less than 61,604 against 8,862 Scotch and 27,122 Irish. Of 8,359 British emigrants to the cape all were English born saving 750. The tide ran strong in favor of that colony to the prejudice especially of Canada and the United States. The diamond fields, the gold rush and successive wars have "boomed" South Africa superbly, and the preference granted to it is quite intelligible. But that emigration generally should decline seems not a little mysterious.—London Standard.

Gruff Mr. O'Rourke.

The Knights of Labor of Washington tell a story about ex-Supervising Architect O'Rourke. When the latter assumed charge of his office, he touched a warm spot in the hearts of the labor organizations by inserting in his advertisements for estimates for public work a paragraph declaring that no bids would be received from the employers of convict labor, nor would the contractors be allowed to use prison made materials. The local labor federation was so pleased with this action that it sent a committee to thank Mr. O'Rourke. That gentleman, being of a gruff nature, according to the story, told the committee he wanted no thanks for doing what he believed to be right and preferred not to have any further talk on the subject. District assembly 66 also forwarded appreciative resolutions, which were unanswered. After that the labor unions made no attempt to fraternize with Mr. O'Rourke.

Encouraging Settlers.

The British Columbian government's new terms to settlers are briefly as follows:

Not less than 30 families shall form a settlement, and each family must possess at least $500 cash on arrival here. The government leases to each family 160 acres of surveyed land free for the term of five years, and on the expiration of that period, if improvements have been made to the value of $5 an acre, issues a crown grant. The government also engages to construct a wagon road to each settlement and provide mail and marketing transport facilities. The settlers, on the other hand, must become naturalized citizens and do their share toward developing the resources of the province.

New Labor Saving Machine.

The Lake Shore is using in unloading coal a new machine which last week unloaded 76 cars in five hours. The loaded car of coal is pulled from the track by means of a cable to the machine itself, which is worked on the seesaw principle. The car is then run over the balancing point and to the opposite end of the machine. The machine is then lowered until the car rests at an angle of 45 degrees, when the end gate of the car is taken out, and the coal slides directly into the hold of the vessel. The approaching end of the machine is then shifted to an empty track, and the unloaded car is run off.—Chicago Tribune.

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State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

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County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 463 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; T E Becket, V-P; Frank Cullen, Rec Sec, 172 Osgood st; William Territt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 193 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 585 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; James J Brennan, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 338 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 448 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Michl Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4730 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's Hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M J Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4220 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M J Moran, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; M W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1729 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3130 Shields av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, the 2th of each month.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 3200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 3158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Jas Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3756 Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, 2234 Butler st; M H Curry, Fin Sec; P O'Connor, Treas. Meet in Schaefer's hall, 35th and Canal streets, 1st and 3d Thursday of each month.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p.m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 52? W Indiana st.

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St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1425 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

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St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 528 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1088 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 913 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Bridget's No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter F Nemes, 78 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Helmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

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SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.

OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.

OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the Estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a Trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 20, 1894.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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